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readers who
taste good**



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SHOW & TELL

HOT AND NASTY

Cover by Clive McLean



When you check out this month's centerfold, you might think you detect a horny young girl standing nearby. Actually, the mating scent that's curling your nose hairs is **STACY: LIVE BAIT**, publishing's first-ever **SCRATCH 'N' SNIFF** foldout. This spread by Contributing Photographer **JAMES BAES** answers tons of reader requests for such a fragrant approach to erotica.

On the other hand, Cbers are incensed over the rotten smell of governmental control of the airwaves, which free-lance writer **TED HOWARD** sees erupting into the **CB RIOTS OF 1980**. Ted, who has long been involved with the people and politics of CB, is co-author of *Redneck Power: The Wit and Wisdom of Billy Carter*. The realism in the accompanying illustration by **JOSE CRUZ**, of the award-winning Sketch Pad Studio, almost captures the pungent odor of blood.

While there won't be a bloody confrontation between people and computers, many individuals resent being just another number on a piece of paper. Associate Editor **MIKE SHEETER** was sent to sniff out the real personality of a publisher of hot-selling books on frauds and false ID, and gives us **BARRY REID: THE PAPER TRIP**. Mike, a former Philadelphia reporter, has been nosing around the "paper game" for some time. **BILL NELSON**, whose work you may have seen on the covers of *Time* and *TV Guide*, provides an illustrated look at the man behind the paper mask.

Men who put on their stud faces at the first whiff of a woman sometimes do so on the advice of "score with chicks" guidebooks. **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS** is free-lancer **FRANK FORTUNATO's** firsthand report on the practical value of these books. Frank knows a lot about both women and writing, having once run a massage parlor where he employed author Gay Talese, who was researching his book on sex in America. The accompanying photo-illustration features **HUSTLER** staffers, who are by nature always on the scent of sexual adventure.

To bring a breath of fresh air into the dispute over capital punishment, we commissioned cartoonist **DAN COLLINS** to illustrate **THESE'LL KILL YOU**, a satire on executions through the ages. Discovered in Columbus, Dan is one of the many young talents at **HUSTLER** with a bright future.

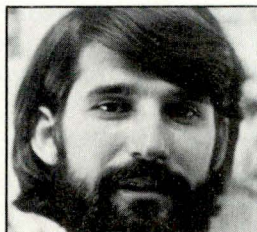
Nothing flares an older man's nostrils like a young girl who brings back memories of his youth. **NO WAY TO SAY GOODBYE** is **HAROLD NORSE's** short story about just such an encounter. Harold is becoming as consistent a **HUSTLER** contributor as **MICHAEL KANAREK**, who illustrates this month's fiction.

We couldn't think of a better way to round out our Scratch 'n' Sniff issue than with an article entitled **NASAL SEX: THE ODOR OF LOVE**, the sixth *Sex Play* by Senior Editor **MICHAEL TOOHEY**. British artist **MICHAEL JUPP** captures the essence of the article in the accompanying illustration.

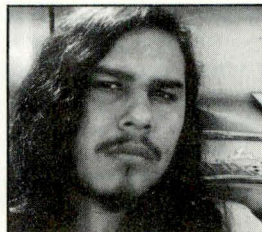
So remember, never stand downwind of a Tijuana whore, and don't read this issue unless you're ready to work up a sweat.

—Althea Flynt

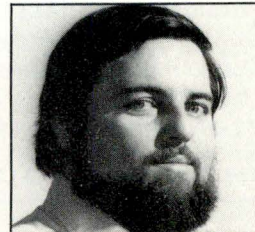
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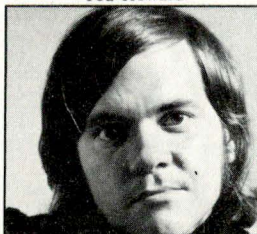
Ted Howard



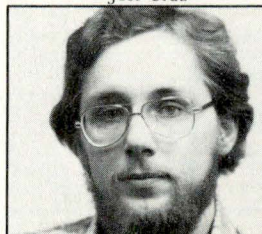
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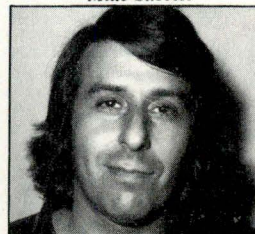
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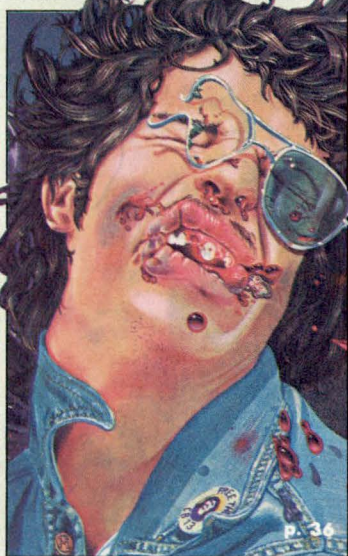
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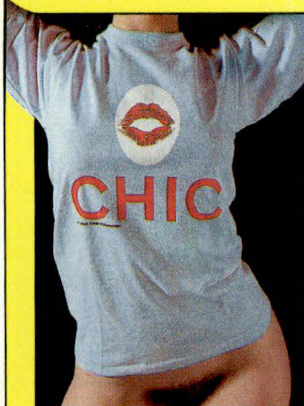
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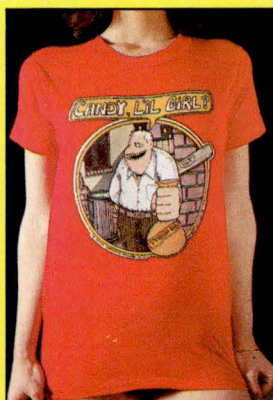
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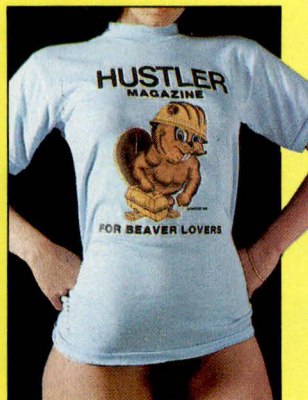
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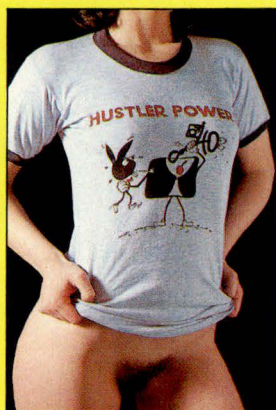
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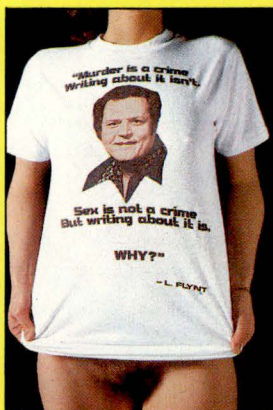
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STATEMENT



New Directions

When I started HUSTLER three years ago, I had no idea what was going to happen. Now we are beginning our fourth year and I feel that HUSTLER will continue to reach new heights before achieving its peak.

My energies are more with HUSTLER now than they ever have been. Recent attempts to muzzle us have thrown HUSTLER into the national spotlight, causing all of us here to step back and examine just what HUSTLER is all about. What we've found is that we're a revolution in the publishing industry.

From the beginning, HUSTLER's success has depended on giving readers an open and honest publication in our presentation of informative articles, the full spectrum of human sexuality, no-holds-barred political comment and our hard-hitting satirical humor. We've been successful despite the lack of advertising, but that also meant a lack of outside pressures trying to influence what we do. Still, the door isn't closed to advertisers; they just have to have the courage to ride with us.

Consequently, HUSTLER is more than a men's magazine: It's a

political experience. While providing a forum for a wide range of ideas, HUSTLER gives the average man in America what he has wanted in a publication, but has been denied in the past, and presents the information in terms he can understand. As a result, HUSTLER has become a voice for these previously ignored people and is thereby spearheading a movement.

Richard Neville, in a recent *New York Times* article, points to a clear example of why publications have ignored the average man. Like much of America's history, it has its roots in Britain. Neville writes that as late as 1960, sexually candid material was limited to the wealthy upper classes. When *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was published in paperback that year, making it available to the average reader, the publisher was hauled into British court and was asked, "Would you let your servant read this book?" The question here is not whether the material should be banned, since the elite can have anything it wants, but whether the material should be available to the average man.

HUSTLER is publishing at a time when this outdated, class-oriented notion is still subtly, though active-

ly, in force in the United States. By aiming HUSTLER at the average man, we deprive the wealthy, powerful and intellectual elite of its self-proclaimed right to decide what is OK for the rest of the world. HUSTLER is successful through reader support, not the approval or acceptance of select groups, and so HUSTLER will continue to be a magazine for the people.

All of us knew that we were making waves, and we don't intend to stop stirring up the waters. Also, we've always been the first to make fun of our tastelessness and lack of pretense, so we don't intend to start patting ourselves on the back.

In fact, we're going to work harder to keep bringing you what you expect from HUSTLER. We plan to start publishing two issues each month, and by the first of the year we intend to be the number one men's magazine in all the world. And, most important, we intend to keep on being HUSTLER.

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "Larry Flynt". The signature is stylized and cursive.

Editor & Publisher

DUELING DILDOES

LEASURE TIME knows that when you go in-
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FEEDBACK

PUBLIC DEFECTOR

Playboy magazine's May 1977 "Forum" editorial defended HUSTLER's right to publish, even though the defense was backhanded. (They referred to HUSTLER as "garbage" and "cowshit" among other things.) For many years, I have delighted in absorbing the multifaceted views of *Playboy*, never once deserting my enthusiasm or interest, and very rarely disagreeing with what they printed. Tonight, however, the tides of our long romance have ebbed for the last time, and like an autumn leaf, my love for *Playboy* has dried up. But I have good reason to believe that *Playboy* will not publish this letter, and better reason to believe it would best serve my complaint if it is published in HUSTLER.

I read the editorial three times in an attempt to second-guess whether Baby Hughy or one of his chamber boys concocted this malicious piece. In the editorial, our clandestine Hefner, who maintains full control and gives all directions, has allowed five cheap slurs to pass between better judgment and sheer asininity. And at a time when all publishers should align themselves to save the life of the Bill of Rights from the onslaught

of moral fanatics, it hardly seems appropriate that an editorial in one of the nation's leading magazines should bear such counterproductive tidings as: "Until now, the primary fact about HUSTLER has been its relentlessly bad taste."

It seems to me, Hefner (you old starch cock fucker), that you've some serious moral hang-ups yourself. I'd hate to see what would've happened if you were the presiding judge and jury in Cincinnati. Flynt would probably be hanging by his genitals from the ceiling at the office of the Citizens for Decency through Law.

Playboy, it's bad enough you printed the trashy editorial, but to grossly contradict it five pages later in an interview with 14 of America's most diversified perverts, is an act of hypocrisy and literary treason. Had the people of NBC's *Saturday Night* staff you interviewed been aware of your sinister plot to overthrow Larry Flynt's integrity and his publication, they would've stopped the interview, if of course they were running true to form.

Can't you see that their techniques are in absolute unison with that of HUSTLER?

Well, *Playboy*, I'm defecting, and one defection may not seem like a hell of a lot to you, but I assure you that delicate feelings have been injured, and I won't rest until I've told everyone I know about the *Playboy* shaft. And I don't give a fuck if Venus is your centerfold and Christ is the subject of your interview. I never want to see your shit in my presence again! Remember, word of mouth is a faithful servant and so are the ways in which it acts as a contagion if properly represented.

My advice to you, Hugh "Iscaariot" Hefner, is to get out of the business. Fucking all those bunnies has finally gone to both your heads: the insensitive one between your legs and the idiot one between your ears.

It's good to know I won't be choking my snake to the tune of *Playboy* anymore. Shit, I'd be better off trapping and molesting one of the mice that invade my cookies every night. At least when they squeak, it's genuine.

Robert John Siembida
Smyrna, Delaware

BARELY AFFECTED

I would like to congratulate you on your June 1977 *Statement* and on the article "HUSTLER on Trial." I for one don't need Mr. [Charles] Keating and the Citizens for Decency through Law or anyone else to tell me what I must or must not see. I will continue to purchase HUSTLER anytime and anyplace it is available.

With the rise of religious fundamentalism in America, we could well be thrown back into the Victorian era when a naked woman was discreetly spoken of as "having nothing to hide but her shame."

My girlfriend and I are both over 40, we keep in good shape and we love to express our sensuality and sexual freedom by going as bare as we dare, wherever we dare. She wears ultra-short shorts and a halter top, or a low-cut micromini dress or low-rise pants and a bikini top, or just a bikini—never any underwear—wherever we think we can get by with it. I go shirtless with the tops of my trousers right at the edge of my cock hair. If you think we're a little kinky, then try to imagine what would happen if they tried to bust every woman who bared her navel. Then think back 15 or 20 years and you get my point.

So BARE IT! Let the prudes and sickies in our society know that the Sexual Revolution is here to stay.

K. B.
Los Angeles, California

MATURITY IN WOMEN

In your spread on Suzie Humphrees (May 1977 issue) you mentioned she was 31—the



age at which "most women have already begun to fade." That may be your opinion, but a hell of a lot of us in our early twenties find women between 28 and 42 to be fantastically built, and to have their heads screwed on right. The women my age don't seem to know what to do once their clothes are off, are often lousy cocksuckers and are embarrassed to show their cunts. Believe me, a more mature woman knows how to suck, fuck, play with herself and feed pussy to a guy much better than any woman in her early twenties.

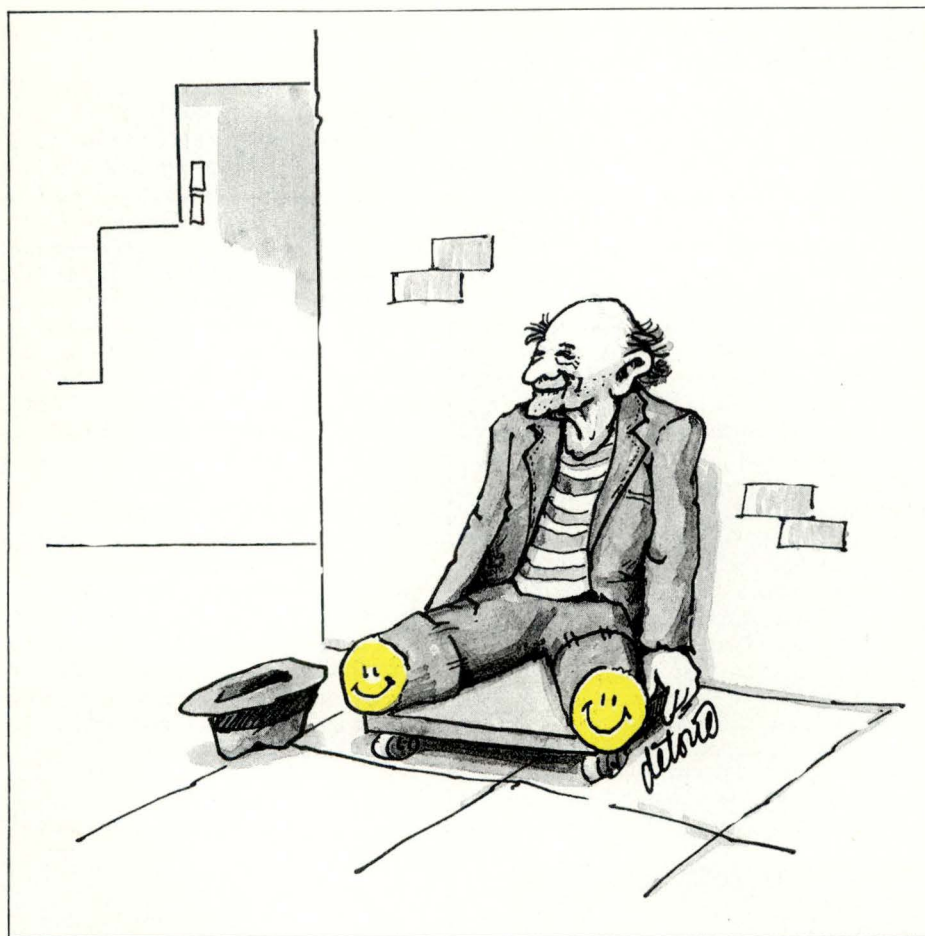
The older woman's body is much more of a turn on, too. Just look at Jennifer Welles and "Mouseketeer" Doreen. I, for one, would love HUSTLER to do a photo spread of an older woman each month. One gal I'd love to see is Sandy Ruane (*Beaver Hunt*, February 1977 issue). When she pulled her pussy lips apart, it really turned me on, and I'd like to see more of her.

How Blake
Altoona, Pennsylvania

HEAVY COMMENTS

I'll start off by saying you've got the finest magazine around and may those communist cocksuckers who convicted you burn in hell. I too don't want anyone telling me what I can or cannot read. It doesn't embarrass me to walk up to the counter and ask for HUSTLER.

I'm a single, 32-year-old woman, and I just wanted to tell you how I identified with your May 1977 *Kinky Korner*, called "Tub of Lard Love." If only there were more men out there who felt as your author does, think



of how many lonely, overweight and perhaps suicidal women could live fuller and happier lives.

I too am a heavyweight (not sloppy, but what you might call pleasingly plump), nice looking (so I am told), with a friendly personality. But I could count on one hand the men who truly enjoy the company of larger women. And that's leaving out the middle finger, which *stands* for all those self-centered, egotistical motherfuckers who don't know a real woman when they see one. They don't know that buried deep within us heavy women lies more compassion, yearning and a real need to be wanted than they'll find in some of those skinny whores who lay a man and laugh at him.

Men don't know that some of us can't help it that we're overweight. In some cases, it's the painful lack of a man's attention that drives us to eat and drink in excess. I know that if I had a man to come home to, I could be a different person. My friends tell me that some day I'll meet a man who'll sweep me off my feet, but I'm not getting any younger and the waiting is getting harder.

So, do you have the balls to give us overweight gals a place in your mag to voice our opinions? Let's show some of those men (who *are* men) that we are coming into our own as real sexual beings, with problems that could be overcome with their help. Bless your mag!

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

G. F. Shella, author of "Tub of Lard Love" (*Kinky Korner*, May 1977 issue), is not alone. I, too, am an FA (Fat Admirer), and there are many of us—but until recently we were afraid to come out of the closet. I have been most fortunate to discover a group that is fighting discrimination against fat people, the National Association to Aid Fat Americans. NAAFA is a non-profit organization offering its members, among other things, a dating service, a pen pal program, local chapters and a bimonthly newsletter.

I have met many bountiful beauties through NAAFA, and I only wish you could get some of them to pose for HUSTLER! Fat can be beautiful! HUSTLER readers can obtain free literature simply by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: NAAFA, P. O. Box 132, Ossining, New York 10562.

Ned Sonntag
New York City, New York

INSIDE SCOOP

As a member of the prison colony here at Attica, I feel compelled to write about your prison issue (May 1977). Michael James wrote a good *Sex Play* and predicted the future in it. I agree with most of his article, except the section pertaining to the "cows" (female prison guards). The incident he speaks of has already occurred. The first cow started working here March 21, 1977, and

about a week later she was mutilated—physically, not sexually, however. A man took a razor blade to her face in the mess hall and would have cut her throat if some inmates hadn't saved her. A bitch cannot come into a place like this and order men around. She wanted to be treated as an equal, and that is exactly what happened. The inmate who cut her is not prejudiced sexually; he has allegedly assaulted the bulls [male guards] too.

This inmate is doing 25-to-life and doesn't give a fuck about anything. He's a little mentally disturbed, but this doesn't make him an "asshole" as James stated. He is not being treated for his health or mental state.

I would much rather jack off to a picture of a cunt in HUSTLER, than fuck one of the two remaining cows in here. Another incident will occur; the state will just have to wait. Meanwhile, we will just have to have our right to privacy invaded by a bitch walking around here and causing cruel and unusual punishment to men who have gone without sex for so long. It is just a matter of time before one of the two cows is assaulted—and not sexually—believe me.

"Joe Ro"

Attica Correctional Facility
Attica, New York

PRISON ISSUE POSTSCRIPTS

Your May 1977 issue makes me feel totally let down. Many of my friends and I have been avid HUSTLER fans for a long time, and it is our consensus that your recent conviction has taken some of the sting out of your magazine. Granted, a 25-year prison sentence would make anyone waver, but we are firmly convinced you have the right to publish a magazine "for the rest of the world."

As Harry Truman once said, "If you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen." Mr. Flynt, if you really believe in the principles of freedom you espouse, then you have to jump into the fire! You have the opportunity to change the thinking of the United States, a chance to liberate the puritans. This chance comes along only once.

Please do us a favor: Don't print any more half-hearted issues. We can get lots of those from other sources. Give us your far-reaching humor and pictures. You, more than anyone, should know you can't live half-assed. You must live life fully, exploring every opportunity, seizing every chance and upsetting the status quo whenever possible.

We're looking forward to seeing more of the old HUSTLER.

Robert A. Sills
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

I just finished reading the article on capital punishment, "Execution: Legalized Murder" (May 1977 issue), and I feel it left out much. Thus, you painted a false picture. It seems there is no mention of the murderers' victims, no comment about their

rights or their pain. What about their right to continue living, rather than being brutally raped, maimed or murdered? You've forgotten that the eradication of the vicious criminal is the goal of the American people, stemming from a sense of fair play where wrong is punished and good rewarded.

Yes, Mr. Flynt, I also believe in a free society where people deserve a look at both sides of the issue, but a fair-minded person will always present both sides of the issue. It might help for you to know that studies indicate that capital punishment *does* deter, that there are painless ways to administer the death penalty. Unfortunately, your article presents only the tired, old arguments against capital punishment and none for it.

Hitler knew that the Big Lie would succeed if it were the only one presented. So I call upon you, Mr. Flynt, to put your actions where your mouth is and present the pro side of the issue. Or don't you have the guts?

Ernest Hendrickson, M.D.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

There are two sides to every issue, and since HUSTLER has no intention of being a closed-door publication, we provide Readers Forum, a space where you or any other person may present your views on topics of general interest, such as a look at the other side of the execution controversy.

REHABILITATE HUSTLER!

I have seen recent copies of your magazine in which you ridicule persons with disabilities. Approximately 20 years ago, our movie industry took advantage of the handicapped by listing them as villains. After state vocational rehabilitation agencies devoted their continuous efforts toward the removal of such attitudes towards the handicapped, the movie industry has changed.

And now your magazine has taken another approach, which is even more devastating than the movie industry's. I sincerely hope that if you are going to continue with your magazine, you will make certain that it is carefully edited and that you will not continue to permit this kind of sham.

Our Consumer Advisory Committee has asked me to convey their extreme dislike for your attitude toward the handicapped.

August W. Gehrke
Assistant Commissioner for
Vocational Rehabilitation
Minnesota Department
of Education
St. Paul, Minnesota

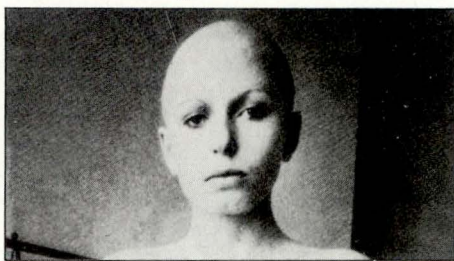
Your cartoon feature, "Stumped for Laughs," (February 1977 issue) was as funny as

the people who put you down for it. Seven years ago, following a motorcycle accident, my left leg was amputated above the knee and there's nothing I can do about it. I make the best of things and don't ask for any favors. Tell all those jerks rolling around in self-pity to blow it out their asses.

Joel Whitney
Tioga, Pennsylvania

HAIRY PROPOSITIONS

I've been a regular reader of HUSTLER since it first hit the stands. And your pictorials on shaving have been a real turn-on



for me. Why don't you run more? Maybe you could show shaved heads too, like a barber running amok. Keep up the good work and I'll buy you a pack of Trac II blades.

G. Howardson
Kittery, Maine

HUSTLER plans on having another pictorial on shaved beaver in the near future.

I thank you from the bottom of my hairy legs for your *Sex Play* on body hair (April 1977 issue). My man is a hair-on-legs freak. So, after years of shaving, I let it grow and,

lo and behold, a lush forest blossomed forth on my legs—to his everlasting delight.

To most strangers, my hairy legs evoke either a desire to rape or to vomit. I hope your article has enlightened a few of the dopes who call loudly in public, "Shave your legs!" Since I'm not grooming myself for their personal desires, who cares what they say? And let me add: Wise up, you antihair men; did it ever occur to you there is a large and very sexy group of men who are turned on by hairy legs and lots of women who choose to turn them on? We don't care what you think. So, drop dead!

Liz Barnes
Tampa, Florida

MISINTERPRETING MS.

My husband and I have been reading HUSTLER for some time and I am usually impressed with the intelligence and openness of your magazine. But I must comment on two items in your May 1977 issue.

First of all you ran a picture ("Ads We'd Like to See #2") in *Bits & Pieces* where you show a woman putting her child into a freezer. I read the copy several times to determine if you were joking or not. At any rate, as a parent, I was disgusted by the picture. I found it obscene and completely lacking in intelligence. Do you also advocate child abuse and molestation?

Secondly, I spent a considerable amount of time trying to determine who wrote "The Jizz Age," also in *Bits & Pieces*. I have to assume it came from the HUSTLER staff because of your reference to "we." I am a little more than surprised. For a magazine that endorses openness and sexual freedom with-

out guilt, you take a pretty puritanical and asinine view of any tinge of feminine aggression. Since when is a woman coming in a man's mouth "vile," but not so the other way around? You're showing your true colors. You shouldn't dish out what you can't take.

Please clean up your act.

Sandi McMinn
Santa Cruz, California

In each case, the material was clearly intended as humor, but like all good humor, each piece makes a statement. In the case of the child in the freezer, we were attacking the shallow, thoughtless manner in which some parents treat their children, like shoving them in front of a television for ten hours to keep them out of the way, or "put them on ice." Rather than being against women's liberation, we are pro-liberation, as "The Jizz Age" was meant to point out. We aren't attacking women, but the stereotypes that have forced women to bear the burden of second class citizenship.

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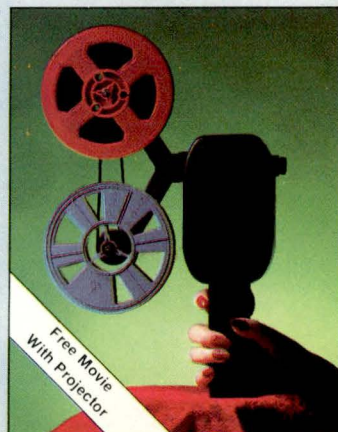
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Sex Bits

WORLD SEX NEWS ROUNDUP

Telerotica

40 W. Gay Street
Columbus, Ohio 43215

The U.S. Census Bureau says that there are currently 1.3 million unmarried people in the United States who have set up housekeeping with someone of the opposite sex. Seven years ago census figures revealed only half that many couples living together. Arthur Norton, the Census Bureau's population expert, hesitates to say whether all of those people are going to bed with each other. "We don't ask them about the personal nature of the relationships," he said. "A lot of them may be cohabiting couples, but some of them may be together strictly for economic reasons."

A New Orleans police spokesman told HUSTLER their arrest of 17 men for allegedly using a Boy Scout troop as a front for homosexual activity could be tied to similar activities in other states. Scoutmaster Richard Halvorsen, 51, and 15 other men face charges of performing sex with boys between the ages of 8 and 15 during a two-year period. Assistant Scoutmaster Raymond Woodall, 38, faces 13 counts of "unnatural carnal knowledge." The investigation is continuing.

The source reported that there are similarities between the New Orleans case and activities of organizations in other states, although he refused to name the other organizations, saying only they are not scout related. The New Orleans case came to police attention when a commercial film developer gave police pictures Halvorsen had left for processing.

The World Health Organization (WHO) has again failed to take up the case of female circumcision in Third World countries, despite repeated requests for action on the problem by the Terre des Hommes movement, a Swiss children's aid society. Edmond Kaiser, head of Terre des Hommes, said that the mutilation or removal of the clitorises of young girls is part of tribal initiation rites in 30 different Middle Eastern and African countries.

Kaiser said that literally millions of young women suffer this type of sexual disfigurement every year, and that WHO has steadfastly refused to discuss the issue in the 20 years since it was first brought to the world health body's attention.

A WHO spokesman told HUSTLER that he "rather doubted the problem would be discussed by WHO." The spokesman further said that the organization, with 151 member-nations, exists to cater to the needs of the governments of the world, not to the needs of the people. Meanwhile, Terre des Hommes will continue to press for action.

Members of Community Board 5, an advisory group which reports to the office of the Manhattan borough president, has added its voice to the opposition of proposed zoning plans aimed at breaking up the cluster of adult entertainment businesses in New York City's midtown area. Hal Negdaur, chairman of Board 5, told HUSTLER he believes most board members are opposed to any attempts by the city to set up a Boston-style "Combat Zone" for massage parlors, erotic bookstores and adult movie houses. Negdaur says the majority of his board regard such a plan as tacit acknowledgement by the city "of the right of pornography to exist."

Negdaur went on to assure HUSTLER that the board was sensitive to the issue of freedom of expression, which many operators of adult-oriented businesses have raised in their own defense. "We aren't interested in telling anybody what to read," he said. However, a moment later he stated that his board was hostile to the idea of zoning because that process had the effect of "spreading (adult businesses) out rather than eliminating them entirely. The issue we are dealing with is the overall decline of property values in the area," he concluded.

A member of the Boston police department told HUSTLER that erotic movie houses and other adult entertainment businesses within Boston's Combat Zone will "begin to feel the heat" of a concerted police anti-obscurity drive. The Combat Zone is an area set aside by the Boston municipal government as the only place in the city where massage parlors, adult movie houses and bookstores, and other adult entertainment are permitted to operate. When asked why police are cracking down on adult-oriented businesses in an area specifically set aside for those establishments, the spokesman refused to comment.

ADVISE & CONSENT

Advise & Consent is a reader-oriented column designed to provide answers regarding sexual questions, fetishes, hang-ups or other problems of a personal nature. This column is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice and care of a doctor. If you would like to question **HUSTLER** about whatever may be on your mind, direct your letter to: **HUSTLER Magazine, Advise & Consent Editor, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.**

Edited by Susi Aguiar

The best piece of ass I ever have is when I give my girlfriend an enema, have her pass it, give her another one, have her pass that, then fill her ass with at least a gallon of water as hot as she can stand. I then grease my cock with Crisco, sit on the john, and she lowers herself onto me. My cock slips right into her, and when she finally relaxes all her muscles I can feel that deliciously warm water. It's all nice and clean—I just come and come. We both love it, but do you see any danger in doing this?

C. I.
San Diego, California

There are several dangers involved in excessive use of enemas. The average person can only hold from one to two quarts of water comfortably, and using a gallon or more could cause a ruptured

intestine or irreversible muscle damage. Using the hottest water you can stand could lead to painful internal burns or scalding. Also, enemas intervene in the natural processes of digestion and excretion. You could develop a dependence on enemas to void your bowels. You are also killing off intestinal bacteria necessary for proper digestion. In other words, this practice, in excess, can really screw up your lower digestive tract.

I have a problem which I think is unique. I can't piss in a public bathroom unless I'm by myself. I've always been this way, and it's caused me discomfort many times. Although I have to piss really bad, I can't; yet five minutes later I feel like my bladder is going to burst. I can't release it if anyone is around me. Why am I like this?

S. F.
Hillsdale, New Jersey

Your problem, often called a "bashful bladder," is quite common. There are many reasons for it, mostly psychological. It is natural for a young boy to feel self-conscious or insecure when he is suddenly too old to go to the ladies' room with mommy and now has to use the men's room—where his tiny tool will hang out with everyone else's. The problem usually disappears with maturity. You are probably unaware of your self-consciousness. Until you gain more self-confidence, though, you could try using a stall instead of the urinal.

I am six weeks pregnant, and up until we found out, my husband and I had a pretty nice sex life. We used to be happy and satisfied with fucking a couple times a week. We both wanted this pregnancy and we're happy about it, but since I've gotten pregnant we're almost sexually insatiable. We both enjoy fucking even more than before, and we seldom let a day go by without getting it on at least once. We're trying new positions we never even thought of before. Believe me, I'm not complaining, but I'm worried about the baby. Can too much fucking hurt the fetus? Are there any positions we should avoid?

L. M.
Nashville, Tennessee

Go ahead and live it up. It's not unusual for this to happen, and there are several reasons, both physical and psychological, for this increase in your sexual appetite. Your body is preparing for the birth, and all your erogenous zones are more sensitive than usual. Pregnancy also eliminates the emotional pressures of people who are either worrying about pregnancy or working for it. Don't worry about positions. The only ones you should avoid are any that might make you uncomfortable or cause you pain. Enjoy yourself, because one thing that could hurt the baby is your being unhappy or dissatisfied. In the very last stages of pregnancy, you may have to look for new positions or methods for satisfying each other, as actual intercourse may become painful or too uncomfortable.

I'm a pretty shy guy. A couple of weeks ago I went to my doctor for a routine examination, and he asked me if I check myself regularly for cancer. I was too embarrassed to admit to him that I didn't know what he was talking about, so I just said yes. I know that women are supposed to check their breasts every month, but I've never heard anything about men doing this. Please tell me three things: what am I supposed to check, how do I check it and what am I looking for?

D.S.
Tuscon, Arizona

You're supposed to check your testicles, and you're looking for anything at all unusual or suspicious. The examination should be done with your fingertips while you're either standing up or lying flat on your back. Each testicle should be oval-shaped, smooth, fairly firm and a little resilient. You're looking for lumps, swelling, tenderness, hard knots or anything else that doesn't feel quite right or has appeared since the last time you checked. You should compare your two balls, and if they don't look about the same, there could be a problem. Keep in mind that it is normal for one ball to be slightly larger than the other. While you're at it, you should go ahead and examine your breasts with your fingertips, since breast cancer is found in men.

(continued on page 109)



"Well, did you feel the earth move, darling?"



"Before you, Verna, sex always seemed so dirty."

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Bits & Pieces

The *Chicago Tribune*, this month's Asshole, is an old whore of a newspaper with high-blown pretensions of being a model of morality. The *Tribune* was alone among major American dailies in refusing to recognize that HUSTLER's conviction in Cincinnati was a threat to First Amendment freedoms of the press, choosing instead to toe the old establishment line against erotic publications. If it weren't for the far-reaching effect of such a stand, we wouldn't be too upset about the opinion of the newspaper which announced Thomas Dewey's election as president in 1948 on the same day every other paper reported Harry Truman's triumph.

The *Tribune's* editorial about the trial made the argument that if people didn't publish pornography, they wouldn't have to fear anti-obscenity laws and the vigilantes who enforce them. This was only fitting from the long-standing mouthpiece of the far right. The logical extension of that theory is that journalists don't have to fear government reprisals so long as the newsmen don't print anything that displeases the government. If that isn't embarrassing enough, the *Tribune* promotes this frightening theory while claiming in its credo to "inform and lead public opinion and to fur-



ASSHOLE of the month

nish that check upon government which no constitution has ever been able to provide."

Of course, the *Tribune's* dislike for sexually candid material doesn't keep it from running ads for X-rated movies, since it would be against that paper's nature to refuse to turn a trick for the almighty advertising dollar. But then, papers like the *Tribune* don't exist to present news. They exist to sell

advertising space.

We weren't surprised by the *Tribune's* lack of concern for the First Amendment's survival, since that document guarantees the mavericks and hell-raisers of publishing the right to present some honest reporting, which could be embarrassing for some of the political and business powers with whom the *Tribune* is cozy. Papers like the *Tribune*, which

publish the same sort of shallow reports designed to protect the business community, don't need the protection of the First Amendment. Their only concern is satisfying orders from old, well-established customers.

For years, the *Tribune* carried on its front page the motto: "The World's Greatest Newspaper" (a motto now used exclusively by *Screw*). When the slogan was removed earlier this year, many journalists suspected it would be replaced with: "The following is a paid, political announcement."

As poor a representative of the press as the *Tribune* is, we respect its right to disapprove of HUSTLER and to print the doctored garbage it passes off as news. The *Tribune* is the kind of fungus on the free press that will eventually kill itself off: young, respectable reporters aren't interested in working for it, and the old-line hacks are on their way out.

Clearly, Editorial Page Editor John T. McCutcheon and the Chicago Six—his staff of anonymous propaganda peddlers—have lost any vision they might every have had concerning the value of the First Amendment.

Until the doors close at this political press-release machine, publishing will have to number the *Tribune* among its enemies in the battle for press freedoms.

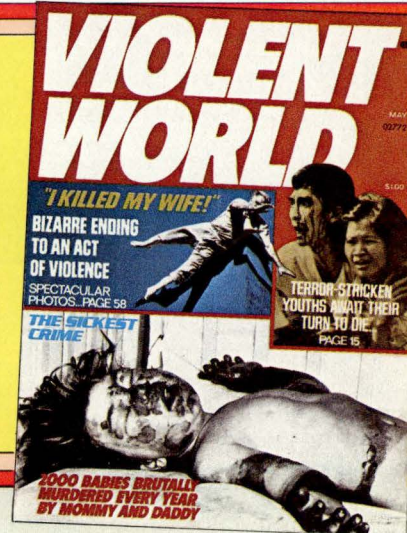
OVERKILL

We've run photos depicting violence in our pages before, but only when we could satirize it or make a valid social comment about it.

So you can imagine how upset we were when we saw the first issue of *Violent World* (\$1, 208 East 43rd Street, New York, NY 10017). Publisher Jules J. Warshaw intends to make a profit from the sales of a magazine devoted to a meaningless display of violence. Still, we believe that the price of freedom includes putting up with things we don't especially like. So

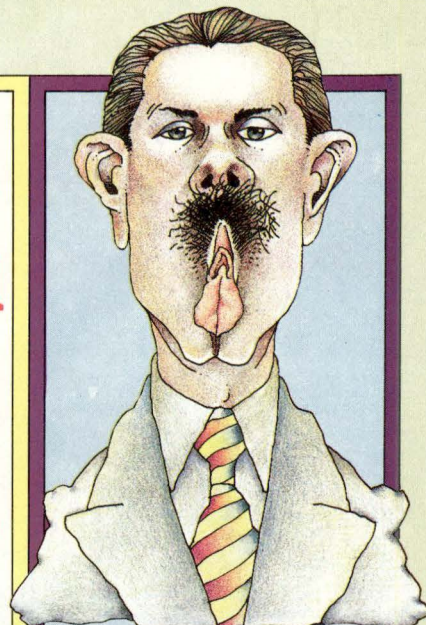
protection under the First Amendment extends even to *Violent World*, which can pass freely through the mail and is available even to children.

But you can't tell Warshaw that *Violent World* can be more harmful to kids than HUSTLER, since Warshaw claims his magazine isn't obscene; there isn't a single picture of a naked woman in it. And although HUSTLER took a chance on losing sales and support to run pictures of Vietnam War atrocities in order to make a point about America's screwed-up values, we doubt that Warshaw will be indicted—as Larry Flynt was over the "War" mailing—for being harmful to juveniles.



Don't Crush That Butt

We thought that cigarette companies would do anything to sell their fatal product, but for some reason they're afraid to run the same ads in the U. S. that they do in Europe. It's fortunate for us, though, that the cancer merchants have taken this hypocritical stand, since this recent ad from the French men's magazine *Lui* makes it awfully tempting to light up a butt.



MUFF-STACHE

This self-portrait by California artist Revilo should give you a clue as to how careers are made in the commercial art field. Needless to say, this guy has all the work he can handle. We no longer wonder why HUSTLER Art Director Mark Hecker is so hot on Revilo.



WHO'S WHO?

We've been more than willing to put up with women who are merely featherbrained, but

now the phenomenon has apparently spread beyond the cranium. It appears that in the future some women won't be good for much more than keeping dust off furniture—as long as they're sitting on it. At

least there will be a new breed of maid. Now all we need to do is to figure out a way to guide this prototype over tabletops—a process that may be difficult, as this young man demonstrates.



WHO'S GOT THE BUTTON

Since our plea for photos of queen clits went out last November, only one has appeared in our office. Although we were happy that at least one queen finally came out of the hood, we wouldn't call her a prize specimen. Either there aren't many queens out there or most of our readers are a bunch of heavy-tongued misers who are secretly content to count their blessings. However, the race is still on.



Pocket Pool

Tired of playing pocket pool by yourself? If the popular Bionic Woman Doll were sold as Edna the Escort Doll, you'd

have no problem getting someone to chalk your cue. And she won't put you behind the eight ball.

DOUBLE



BUBBLE

Well, we've finally found a girl who can walk and chew gum simultaneously. However, she accomplished this feat by dubious means. As you can see, she's munching

her Wrigley's in an orifice that's better suited to automatic action than her mouth. Of course, she'll have a real problem putting her gum on the bedpost overnight.

HONEY OF THE YEAR

Here is the official ballot for HUSTLER's Honey of the Year contest. We are asking readers to select their favorite HUSTLER girl from those appearing in issues from July 1976 through July 1977. Tell us how you'd like to see your choice posed for the Honey of the Year feature that will

appear in our February 1978 issue. We'll also announce the runners-up. So send your vote to: Honey, c/o HUSTLER Magazine, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215. The decision of the readers is final. Ballots must be submitted by September 1, 1977, to qualify.

I hereby cast my vote for Honey of the Year for _____ who appeared in the _____ Month _____ Year _____ issue of HUSTLER.

I would like to see her posed _____

STERN UP FRONT

We doubt you'll ever see covers like these on American weekly news journals. But the editors of *Stern* (the *Time* or *Newsweek* of Europe) are a plucky bunch of critters who don't mind baring it all for German readers. This magazine prides itself on showing and telling the entire story—including nudity on the covers—and on making both serious and



humorous political comments. Unlike American newsmagazine editors, *Stern's* staff treats its readers as mature, sexually sophisticated people. If you can read German, you *will* order *Stern* from: Gruner-Jahr AG & Co., Warburgstrasse 50, 2000 Hamburg 36, West Germany. An annual subscription by regular mail is \$80. Inquire about airmail delivery.



QUEER QUEST

Editor Tony Power, the limey who brought you *Club*, *Club International* and *Club Quest*, has just proven the theory that bigger does not necessarily mean better. This truth became boldly apparent when he decided to blow up *Club Quest* from digest-size to HUSTLER-size.

But any resemblance to

HUSTLER ends there, since *Club Quest* is a limp-wristed rag meant to appeal to the faggot market. The magazine is hyped as a "multi-sexual review," but a girl feature here and there doesn't convince us that Power isn't more interested in presenting such wimpy features as a quiz entitled, "Are You Sure You're Really Straight?" an article on "Lesbian Nightlife" and a review of a transvestite stage production.

We were beginning to think that Power sucked on something besides limes, but we happen to know of one woman whom he has dipped into recently. Remember *Club* photographer Fred Enke, our posthumous *Asshole of the Month* for June? Power began "comforting" Olivia, poor dead Fred's old lady, before the corpse was even cold. It was the least a former friend and business associate could do, right, Power?

All that carrying on with Olivia almost convinced us that Power was a real man. But ever since *Club Quest* came out of its closet, we've been wondering if the grim reaper interrupted more than Power and Enke's business affairs.

DOWN FOR THE THIRD TIME

Ron "The Flop" Fenton, who bankrupted *Gallery* and whose magazine *Faces* (a *People* imitation) fell flat, is burdening the newsstands with another of his fast-buck schemes. Fenton turned up his nose at a HUSTLER job a few years ago because we show pink, but now his continuing effort to copy other people's success has him publishing a digest-size monthly called *New Pink* (\$1.50, 166 East Grand Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611).

True to form, Fenton has screwed up the formula for this so-called men's magazine. He apparently thinks he can win the modern reader by showing some pink in photographs that have the quality of a child's finger painting. As a break from the photos, readers are treated to an interview with Swiss twit Erich (*Chariots of the Gods*) von Daniken. We laughed the manuscript of that interview out of our offices a few years ago. It's just more of the type of stuff you get from people

who think small. And who could think smaller than *New Pink's* distributors, Capital, the same puppets who testified against HUSTLER in Cincinnati?

Some readers may want to check out *New Pink* for themselves, but we don't recommend that you send money for a full year's subscription. Fenton's magazines don't stay around long. Ask the people who subscribed to *Faces*.



LOVE IT OR SHOVE IT

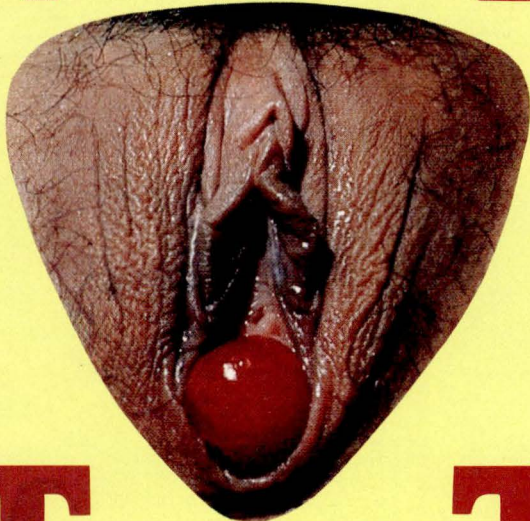
Recently, our colleagues at *Chic* established a symbolic beachhead in celebration of having invaded the magazine world. The distinctive red lips that are *Chic*'s trademark are proudly displayed on this flag the guys had made in Chinatown.

As you can tell, these four boys from *Chic*, under the direction of staff social director Chadwick Lacetip, have developed sensational bodies under the California sun.

Congratulations, fellows. ... Oh, by the way—the magazine is getting better all the time. Really!



RETREAD

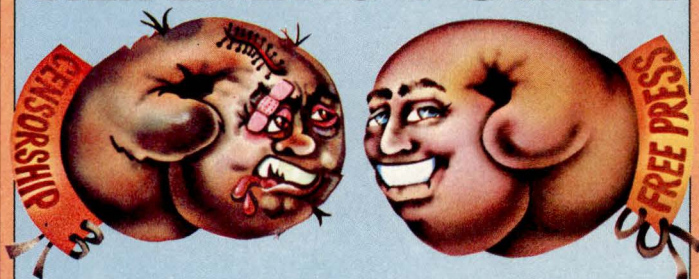


TWAT

Here is one reader's attempt to revitalize his old lady's gash by implanting a new cherry. Though it didn't suc-

ceed in turning back the lady's cuntal clock, she has been pissing whiskey sours for the past six months.

READERS FORUM



Recently, here in the state of Washington, citizens have organized to fight a proposed measure that would allow the closing of all adult-entertainment businesses in the state, as well as the confiscating of all adult-entertainment material.

People Against Censorship has been organized in response to a growing threat against First Amendment freedoms and the principle of free enterprise. The measure proposed in Washington and the convictions of Larry Flynt in Cincinnati and Harry Reems in Tennessee are part of a pattern of intolerant reaction to modern sexual mores. This reaction does not repre-

sent the majority viewpoint of the American people.

People Against Censorship believes that this repression is spurred by ruthlessly ambitious politicians. We also believe that the time when the state can get away with legislating personal morality should come to an end in this country.

We believe that HUSTLER readers are concerned about their right to read whatever they choose, and we encourage them, both in Washington and other states, to oppose these repressive measures whenever possible.

People Against Censorship
312 John Vance Building
Seattle, Washington

NOTHING TO AD

HUSTLER is known for succeeding without the use of outside advertising, so you might be wondering where most of our ads originate. We're going to take you deep into our studio to show you some of what goes on.

Many of our ads are produced and designed by Stephen Sayadian and Aaron Kass, and the excellence of their work is clear in each *Leisure Time* and *HUSTLER* ad you see. What you don't see is what goes on once an ad is successfully photographed, so here are some outtakes of Steve and Aaron's "after hours" pranks.

Some of this goofing off is the result of the tension that builds while producing a top-quality ad, and the model feels that pressure as much as



anyone. After giving his blessing to a love kit, Associate Editor Mike Sheeter (left) took drastic measures to end the tense photo session.

When our shocking-pink Bride of Frankenstein model claimed Art Director Mark Hecker (below, left) didn't have the balls to come near her, Mark immediately proved her wrong. We're still confused, though. He has balls, but what is that tiny lump of flesh above them?

Of course, Steve realizes that if he ever had to account for all the goofing off in the ad studio, he wouldn't have a leg to stand on. But, as he demonstrated at a shooting for a movie projector ad (below, right), Steve sometimes manages to float an excuse.



GET DOWN

Pulling yourself up by your bootstraps isn't as easy as it sometimes sounds. Recently, Photo Editor Frank DeLia spent an entire weekend looking at slides of naked women, preparing sets for an upcoming issue. The week after he completed his assignment, he started having nightmares

about being sucked in by a giant snatch.

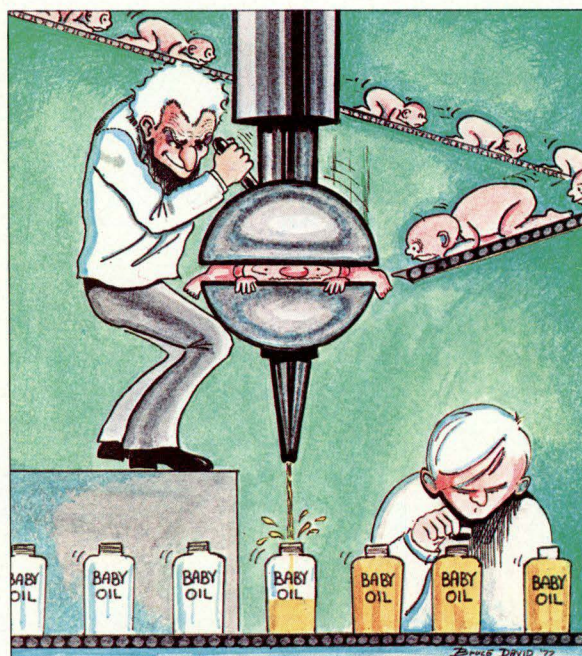
"I know I'm hung and can handle anything," Frank was overheard telling his assistant, "but in this case the more I plugged away, the more often the beast said, 'Feed me.' Luckily, I managed to slip out—I'm Italian."



RAUNCHY RECIPE #2

No matter how dark the chocolate or how large the scoops, it all comes out white in the end.

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



If you have any interesting or unusual *Bits & Pieces* contributions, please pass them along to HUSTLER. We pay \$100 for pictures, news items, quips and stories that we publish in *Bits & Pieces*. HUSTLER buys all rights to material accepted for publication and will keep all material purchased. Submissions we don't use will be returned if they're accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

For August, HUSTLER sends \$100 thanks to Bob Aull, Thomas M. Buscemi, Gary R. Jackson and Jerrold Seawell.

Sex Play

By Michael Toohey

If you've ever read the classified section of an underground sex tabloid, chances are you've seen ads something like this:

Do used panties turn you on? If so, send for a pair of my fine, scented skivvies. Panties worn one day—\$6. Worn three days and extra smelly—\$10. Send cash, check or M. O. to...

And unless you're one of the satisfied customers of these vaginal odor vendors, you might have wondered what kind of person invests his hard-earned dollars in someone else's soiled underwear. The answer is, almost anyone: your boss, your clergyman, your father, your son. But before you become suspicious of everyone you know, you should bear in mind that you yourself may be a potential panty-sniffer who has yet to realize the thrill of nasal sex. If you can't imagine what that thrill might be, or if you think that anyone who is stimulated in this way must be a pervert, then it's time to clear the air of all the misinformation that still surrounds the sex appeal of natural body odors.

Granted, buying used panties through the mail is an act reserved for the most dedicated—or shy—fragrance aficionados. But it's a mistake to label these people perverts. "Fanatics" is a better term, since the word "pervert" denotes a deviation from the norm. There is certainly nothing abnormal about being turned on by the scent of a woman's crotch.

For most animals, including man, the sense of smell plays an important part in the mating game. A horny hound, sniffing beneath some bitch's tail, and his equally horny master, driving home from a date with his finger jammed under his nose, have a great deal in common. Likewise, the millions of HUSTLER readers who found our April 1977 cover (which showed a close-up of a girl's crotch on a bicycle seat) a turn-

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy for too long. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that repression of natural, healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a better lover.



NASAL SEX THE ODOR OF LOVE

on, no doubt were aroused not only by the sight, but also by the smell they knew was clinging to the seat. This take-off on the old sniffing-girls'-bicycle-seats joke was one way of incorporating the reader's sense of smell into a medium that is essentially visual. This month, we have found a more effective way of doing this by running the first Scratch 'n' Sniff centerfold ever featured in a men's magazine. This is something we had received dozens of requests for, but the idea remained up in the air until we found a company equipped—and willing—to process this sensuous cen-

terspread. In years to come, when Scratch 'n' Sniff photo layouts become commonplace, remember that you smelled it first here.

There are those who argue that generalizing about the smell of pussy is akin to saying that all snowflakes have the same shape. No two cunts smell alike, they say, and this is true to some extent, just as it is true that any given cunt may smell different from one hour to the next, depending on how active it has been. But there is a general agreement that the odor of a female in heat (whatever that odor might be for the particular female in question) is an aphrodisiac. After all, 100 million canines can't be wrong.

Yet in recent years, Madison Avenue has waged a propaganda war against natural body odors: mainly crotch, feet, armpits and breath. The latest example is the attempts by manufacturers of feminine hygiene sprays to create a demand for their products. In order to accomplish this, they first had to convince the American public that the smell of raw cunt was on a par with that of raw sewage. So a self-conscious female population was bombarded with commercials telling them that a "truly feminine" cunt was one that smelled like pine trees, jungle flowers—anything but the

acid combination of stump water and tuna that is so naturally enticing. The propaganda had the desired effect and, before long, cunt spray took its place alongside underarm deodorant and mouthwash as part of milady's toilet.

Only recently has it been revealed that many deodorants and antiperspirants have adverse side effects. Aerosols have been accused not only of dissolving the protective ozone layer in the earth's atmosphere, but of polluting the lungs—sometimes fatally—of those who use them in unventilated areas. Both deodorants and antiperspirants

can bring on uncomfortable allergic reactions, and the latter can also fade the dye in clothing. Furthermore, some doctors blame fem sprays for an increase in vaginal infections.

Aside from the physical drawbacks of these odor-erasers, there is a psychological trauma that occurs when a muff-diver, with his tastebuds set for twat, encounters a cunt with the odor and flavor of fresh mint. The letdown would be the same as biting into a tuna sandwich, only to find the flavor of peanut butter and jelly.

Actually, a woman who bathes, douches, and brushes her teeth regularly has no need for deodorants of any kind. On the other hand, a woman who uses deodorants as a substitute for regular bathing is most likely to attract men with clogged sinuses.

A dab of perfume behind a woman's ear or knee seems to be a time-tested aphrodisiac. But perfumes and colognes are generally held to be most effective when used on parts of the body that do not exude natural odors. Whether or not a particular natural odor is appealing is, of course, for the individual to decide. As a rule, a man is more inclined to savor the scent of pussy than that of sweat. Yet, if the circumstances are right, even an odor you might ordinarily consider repulsive can have an animalistic allure.

Anyone who has ever spent the summer in a humid climate knows what it's like to take three showers a day and still smell like the Pittsburgh Steelers' locker room at halftime. But does this stop people from fucking? Obviously not. Although most folks probably prefer sex in December—on a rug in front of a roaring fire—a sweaty summer fuckfest, with all the extra lubrication and the musty odor that clings to body and bed, is a unique thrill in itself. And it is one that can linger for as long as you leave the sheets on your bed.

It is not at all unusual for a particular odor to evoke memories of a long-departed lover. Many men have experienced such a flashback when they buried their face in a pillow that had been thoroughly soaked while propping up some horny set of hips. This phenomenon can also occur when you sniff certain brands of perfume or incense—or even some industrial odor that was in the air when you got a memorable piece of ass. There is nothing abnormal about this, unless you're a man who can't get it up without the odor of an oil refinery or paper mill pervading the room.

Odors generally considered unpleasant can be stimulating to some people.

In my article on lingerie (HUSTLER December 1976 issue), I mentioned the probability that there are dress shield fetishists somewhere in this world. Sure enough, no sooner did the article appear than I received a letter from a man who delighted in sniffing those sweat-soaked underarm pads. Likewise, some foot fetishists reach nirvana smelling feet that have just finished a 20-mile hike in jackboots. The smell of shit and/or farts (that is, other people's farts, since most of us agree our own farts smell OK) is highly erotic to feces fetishists. And at

Hypersensitivity to natural body odors has spoiled more sex than venereal warts.

the risk of bringing on a rash of letters, I will add that conceivably there are people who get off on the smells of popped zits (the ones near hair roots), asparagus-scented piss or used band-aids. Disgusting? Maybe, but to each his own.

It's hard to imagine what the turn-on of used Kotex might be, but it's a fact that some men find the odor of these blood-blotters sublimely erotic. (Used Kotex and tampons are also available through the mail, but beware of postal bloodhounds.)

Many women claim to be horniest sometime around their period, but it has yet to be proven whether or not the stronger smell they emit at this time has anything to do with this increased desire. At any rate, the smell is rarely perceptible to others, and anyone who wants to revel in it has to either obtain it secondhand from a ladies' room wastebasket or get close to the original source. You may consider both alternatives equally repulsive, but at one time or another, nearly every man encounters a menstruating cunt at close range. Sometimes the man is forewarned but decides to dive in anyway out of sheer horniness or a genuine fondness for the crimson tide. Other times, the encounter comes as a surprise.


For me, the first time came as a surprise. The room was dark, and although I knew the lady quite well sexually, I disregarded the fact that her cunt was especially pungent and ignorantly proceeded to chow down. It wasn't until much later, when I looked in the mirror and noticed that my beard was redder than usual, that both she and

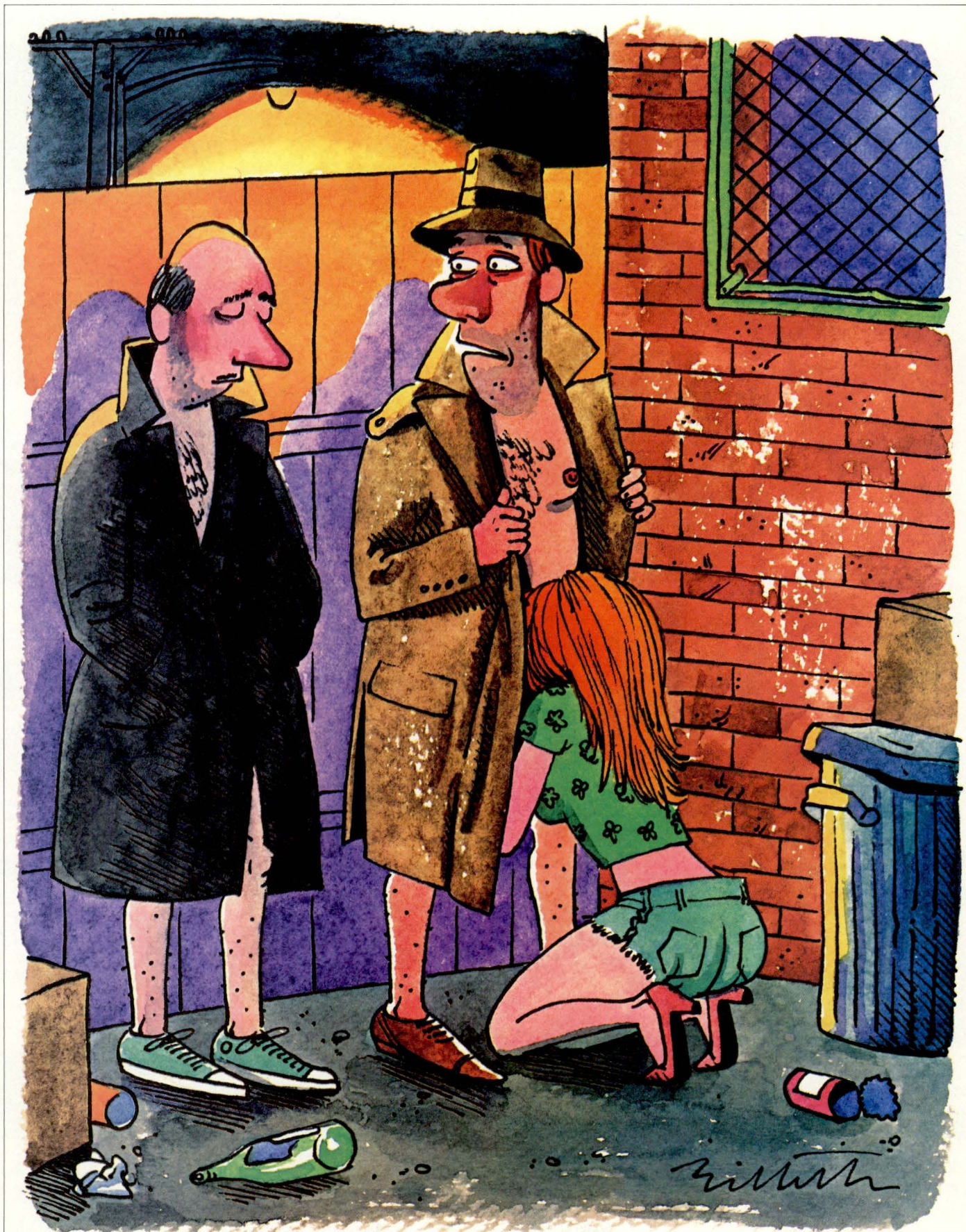
I realized what had happened. If I had understood the message her cunt relayed through my nose, I probably would not have gobbled her as lustfully as I did, if at all. On the other hand, if she herself had realized that her period had started, she probably would not have let me near her bloody box.

Self-consciousness about body odors can prompt an individual to either isolate himself or deodorize his fears away, whether those fears are justified or not. You can see this self-consciousness at work in the person who cups his hands over his mouth to sample his breath, or the one who tucks his head under his armpit like a sleeping flamingo to find out if he "offends." Such hypersensitivity to natural body odors has spoiled more sexual encounters than venereal warts and crying babies combined.

My brother Kevin once passed up a chance to monorail a beautiful, tight-assed actress because a pot of chili he had made the day before gave him a deadly case of the farts. Thinking back, Kevin says he probably should have gone ahead and balled her anyway, squeaking one off with every other pelvic thrust and hoping she wouldn't notice (hell, she might even have enjoyed farts; Kevin didn't know her very well). Or, if she had taken offense, he might have told her that it's an old Irish custom to fart during sex, thereby letting your partner know you're having a good time. At any rate, he swore never to pass up such an opportunity again for the same reason.

You might be able to recall an evening spent breathing through your nose and talking out the side of your mouth because you made the mistake of eating onions or garlic before a heavy date. And then later on that night, when you were grunting and puffing atop her, you were likewise careful not to betray your eastern European eating habits. Chances are, these precautions inhibited you so much that you didn't have as good a time as you might otherwise have had. Now I don't necessarily mean to promote gargling before sex or abstinence from spicy foods. But if you do happen to indulge, it's better not to worry about it and pant away to your heart's content on the off-chance that your lover will one day associate garlic with the best fuck she ever had.

Communication plays an important part in any relationship, and if your partner tells you to gargle, take a bath, swab the duck butter off your cock, or whatever, by all means do. Just don't go overboard (as cosmetic manufacturers would have you do) at the expense of a healthy, fully sensual sex life. 



"Frankly, I like it better when they scream and flee in terror."

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RATED REVIEWS

Captain Lust: genuine entertainment, even without penetration.

MOVIES

by Larry Wichman

CAPTAIN LUST

When you cast a movie with Jake Teague, Jamie Gillis, Wade Nichols, Sharon Mitchell and Nancy Dare in the lead roles, you expect an XXX-rated flick. If that's what you expect, steer clear of *Captain Lust*, because all the penetration shots ended up on the cutting room floor. But if you want to see an exceptional soft-core comedy, don't miss this one.

The plot of the movie revolves around Handsome Jack's revenge against Captain Lust for the murder of Jack's father, the Count of Monte Crisco. Handsome

HUSTLER's reviews of porno films and sex books will keep you up to date on the latest from the erotic film and publishing industries. Our hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, as many films are censored to conform with "local community standards," the movies we review might not be exactly what you see. We suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the genuine article.

RATING GUIDE



ERECTION!

If this one doesn't get it up, you are probably dead because it is almost a constant turn-on.



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. However, it can still be beat.



HALF-ERECT

Slightly worthwhile. Probably get it up on your own.



ONE-QUARTER ERECT

Might get it up if you used a crane.



TOTALLY LIMP

Couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

Jack (Nichols) and his sister Anne (Mitchell) hire a band of swashbuckling, orgiastic pirates to infiltrate the band of cutthroats headed by Captain Lust (Teague). After a treasure hunt and a few killings, the infiltrators, led by Captain Surecock (Gillis), battle the foes into submission in an action-packed finale.

Under Beau Buchanan's direction, the actors present accomplished performances without resorting to the sophomoric antics that produce the laughs in most porn comedies. In addition to a witty script and good direction, *Captain Lust* has other attributes that place it a cut above the norm.

First of all, it is one of the few porn films to employ a special effects man; the gory scenes are convincingly

gory. Still, if you're the type who polishes his shoes with his lunch at the first sight of blood, you don't have to worry, since Buchanan uses comic relief effectively to undercut the violence.

Second, the use of an original sound track augments the movie's hilarity. For example, a special rendition of "Blow the Man Down" highlights a simulated blow-job sequence. Similar ditties are well-placed throughout the film.

Little fault can be found with the editing, camera work or sets (most of the footage was shot aboard actual 19th-century sailing vessels). It is because of the meticulous care taken in the overall production of *Captain Lust* that earns it a high rating despite its lack of explicit sex.

If you've been looking for a good soft-core film to take your Baptist wife to see, look no further than *Captain Lust*.

REUNION

When porn critics compile their list of the ten worst films of 1977, you can bet Jay West's hard-core film *Reunion* will be on it. West's movie shows about as much professionalism as an Amy Carter crayon drawing. Maybe less.

This is an inane story about a lonely, rich maniac (Alan Login) who invites six ex-classmates (five females and one male) to a reunion at his isolated retreat. Login's purpose for the gathering is to get even with the women for having rejected him in high school. Throughout most of the flick the maniac runs around disguised as a maid, though the other characters fail to notice his hairy arms and five o'clock shadow. Perhaps they think that the maid is Italian.

One by one, Login hypnotizes the women into submission with the aid of a music box—a hokey *modus*



Jay West's *Reunion* combines horrible acting and a lousy script into one of the ten worst films of the year.

operandi to be sure. The players become increasingly frightened as their numbers diminish (although Login is merely hypnotizing and then hiding them). Each abduction is a cause for celebration from the audience's point of view because it means one less hollow character to put up with.

The cast, which includes Nancy Dare, Vanessa Del Rio, Marlene Willoughby and Taylor Young, does a terrible job of acting. Young, a member of the incestuous twin sister act that made *Sweet Cakes* and *Teenage Twins* so popular, gives an especially abominable performance. Yet, Tony and Sue Richards (porn's husband and wife team) manage to do even worse. Sue Richards (also called Bree Anthony) has been absent from the screen for nearly a year while serving as puppet publisher for *High Society* magazine. Neither her nor her husband's dubious talents have been missed, as their performances in *Reunion* prove. When Sue has an orgasm she does a decent imitation of a dying codfish.

As a matter of fact, there is nothing good to say about this movie. The plot, acting and lighting (which murks up even the close-ups with shadows) are amateurish.

And the sound track, which features cha-cha music during the sex sequences, is better suited to a Walt Disney Jose Carioca cartoon. In short, *Reunion* stinks.

THE BEAST

The classic fairy tale *Beauty and the Beast* always had the potential for being turned into a first-class film. But Walerin Borowczyk's French adaptation of that story falls short of that.

Although the film's humor helped make it a hit in France, many of the jokes will be lost on American audiences. And because *The Beast* is a soft-core flick, there are no lurid sex scenes to make it worthwhile as a turn-on. The reason the film warrants the rating it gets is because of its redeeming technical qualities.

The beast (Pierre Benedietti) is the oafish, sexually frustrated son of the Marquis de l'Esperance. In order to obtain an inheritance, the beast must marry a wealthy American woman named Lucy (Lisbeth Hummerl). One would expect the movie to detail the love affair between Lucy and the beast, but it doesn't.

Instead, Borowczyk chose

to focus on the infighting among the members of the beast's family over the marquis's half-man half-animal son and Lucy's fascination with the family legend. It seems that the marquis's great-aunt was raped by a seven-foot-tall beast some 200 years earlier, and toward the end of the film Lucy masturbates while fantasizing about the legendary encounter.

For some impenetrable reason, nearly all of the sex scenes are interrupted. The marquis's alluring daughter Clarisse (Pascale Rivault), for instance, has numerous sexual encounters with the butler. But duty calls the butler away every time the pair nears orgasm.

Only animals ball to completion in this movie—a couple of horses in the opening scene and the beast in Lucy's masturbatory fantasy. Perhaps Borowczyk's theme is *human* sexual frustration, since *The Beast* leaves both actors and audience alike with a case of blue balls.

CHERRY HUSTLERS

Cherry Hustlers is truly a film for New York City—if New York is indeed as anal as

porn distributors would have one believe. This flick is overloaded with back-door sex, as Vanessa Del Rio and Sarah Nicholson get reamed and rammed repeatedly. But if it weren't for Del Rio's passionate whimpering during a double insertion sequence with Alan Login and Bobby Astyr, *Cherry Hustlers* would have lacked even one successful scene.

Hustlers is about a female loan shark (Nicholson) whose client can't raise the cash to settle with the lending association, called "the corporation." Instead of making concrete shoes for the sucker who can't pay, Nicholson and two buddies (Login and Del Rio) auction themselves off as sex slaves. It's never explained why a loan shark would try to save a client's skin, but that's only one of the improbabilities of the film.

It's doubtful that the producers used a script, since the film is made up of a series of flashbacks that make the plot obscure at best; there are incongruities that could have been avoided if the filmmakers had done even a small amount of preproduction planning. For example, characters appear without explanation or identification—usually during the sex scenes—and only serve to heighten the viewer's confusion. It's evident that the

producers underestimate the intelligence of their viewers.

While it is true that a variety of sex is presented in *Cherry Hustlers*, it does nothing to save the film. Static camera work and substandard lighting simply compound the problems. Ultimately, the movie comes off as if it had been blown up from a grainy 8mm. And if that's not bad enough, the Muzak soundtrack will bring on nightmares about dentists' drills. Do yourself a favor; miss this flick. Along with *Reunion*, it will be voted to be among the ten worst films of 1977.

BABYFACE

Director Alex deRenzy has produced some excellent erotica in the past, such as *Femmes de Sade* and *Pleasure Masters*. But, his latest release, *Babyface*, does not match his previous accomplishments, even though it is packed with sex.

Babyface takes a stab at building a plot around a man (Dan Roberts) who gets caught having sex with a ripe underage cockteaser, Babyface (Lyn Malone). He flees for his life and winds up working at a chic male whorehouse. As the film progresses, Dan fucks and sucks his way through numerous clients until he

comes across a woman called the "Nutcracker." This mean-ass cunt just happens to be Babyface's mother, and when she spots her daughter's seducer, she concocts a plan to castrate him.

This lackluster script prevents the actors and actresses from giving their characters life, while the many unfulfilled scenes that flow one into the other destroy the potential tension of the film's story line. The remaining tension relies solely on the possibility of the castration, and the film suffers as a consequence.

However, *Babyface* is not a total loss. As with most of deRenzy's films, the photography is excellent. Whether the cameraman is shooting close-ups or long shots, the scenes are so well presented that the viewer will feel as if he were an actual participant. Also, each sex sequence is shot from varying angles.

In addition to the stars already mentioned, the film employs Amber Hunt, Linda Wong, Patricia Lee, Paul Thomas and the Oakland Raiders' Otis Sistrunk in a cameo appearance. But it's newcomer Khristine Hellar whose 15-minute appearance makes her the "star" of the film. She takes on ten men in a gang-bang sequence and gives a most convincing portrayal of a wench in heat. She is so convincing that I believe she actually came during the shooting.

The most disturbing aspect of the film is Lyn Malone in the title role. Although she looks 14, Malone is a miscast Lolita, since her sexual expertise makes it obvious that she is actually very much older. This, along with other poor characterizations (magnified by the lack of a cohesive plot), leaves the film with an unwieldy structure.

Babyface may be mediocre as deRenzy films go, but considering the high standards he has set in his previous works, mediocre isn't all that bad. 🍌

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic movies that were reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER. These films may currently be showing in your neighborhood.

🍌 Erection

Autobiography of a Flea
Desires within Young
Girls
Femmes de Sade
In the Realm of the
Senses
Jail Bait
Kinky Ladies
Midnight Desires
Odyssey
The Opening of
Misty Beethoven
Sweet Cakes
Through a Looking Glass

🍌 Three-Quarters Erect

Eruption
Heat Wave
The Keyhole
The New York City
Woman
Peach Fuzz
Sex Wish
The Spirit of
Seventy-Sex
Sweet Taste of Honey

🍌 Half-Erect

The Affairs of Janice
Blowdry
The Devil inside Her
Les Nympho Teens
Love in Strange Places
Mary! Mary!
The Porn Brokers
The Sinful Pleasures of
Reverend Star
Tonight We Love

🍌 One-Quarter Erect

Candylips
Funk
Inside Marilyn Chambers
Kinkorama
Sweet Punkin
A Touch of Sex
The Trouble with Young
Stuff

🍌 Totally Limp

The Devil in Miss Jones
(Censored version)
Let My Puppets Come
Patty
Snuff

Vanessa Del Rio gives a whimpering performance in *Cherry Hustlers*.





"Hey Lady! I tink we found ya problem."

Edited by Mike Sheeter

EROTIC ART OF CHINA

Introduction by Abraham N.

Franzblau

Crown Publishers, Inc.

Distributed by:

Wehman Brothers, Inc.

Morris County Mall

Cedar Knolls, New Jersey

07927

\$12.95

An old Chinaman once said: "Even a wino's droppings are rum cake for some lucky cockroach." What he meant by that is just about anybody's guess. For years, Occidental scholars have been trying to unravel the mysteries of such statements, but so far they haven't had much luck. The trouble is, Westerners take Orientals too seriously.

Just as a statement that may be nothing more than opium-crazed gibberish is dubbed "philosophy," Oriental erotic art is sometimes said to contain underlying messages that make it more than just slopehead smut. Granted, Eastern erotica tends to be of a better quality than its Western counterpart. However, anyone who claims that it reveals anything more than the fact that people all over the world like to jack off over dirty pictures is full of shit.

Enter Abraham N. Franzblau, Ph. D., M. D., L. H. D.

Dr. Franzblau, who is a staff psychiatrist at New York's Mount Sinai Hospital, managed to get hold of some fine old Chinese erotic prints. Unfortunately, the good doctor was not content with merely getting the pictures—he felt compelled to pin them to the mat and break their arms with Freudian analysis.



Erotic Art of China: Oriental turn-on for your coffee-table collection.

Like most Freudians, Dr. Franzblau is a pretty cagey old bird. He lures the reader within range by offering him a beautiful book called *Erotic Art of China*. Upon examining the book, the reader finds 53 color prints that are alone worth the price of the book, if only because they show why there are so many Chinese. But as the unwary reader admires the loveliness of the ancient Chinese tits and ass, Dr. Franzblau is lurking in the Freudian jungle, waiting ever so patiently for him to read the introduction.

It seems Franzblau isn't so much interested in the beauty of the artworks as he is in what he, as a shrink, can say about them. The dust jacket indicates that the Doc offers "daring psychoanalytic hypotheses and provocative insights to illuminate certain facets of Chinese sexuality..." In layman's terms, this translates to: bullshit.

Still, you can't blame the poor man for sucking in an audience the way he does. It wasn't so long ago that a shrink could hold cocktail party guests spellbound with stories of murder and potty training. But, let's face it,

Dr. Franzblau and his cohorts have gone overboard too many times, and the public is wise to them. Hence Franzblau's little sneak attack.

And even though the reader can afford to overlook Dr. Franzblau's high-flown introduction, it would be a mistake to overlook anything else in *Erotic Art of China*.

HOW TO SAVE YOUR OWN LIFE

By Erica Jong

Holt, Rinehart and Winston
383 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10017
\$8.95

Erica Jong's new novel, *How To Save Your Own Life*, makes you wonder if the author might not be happier on a ranch in Australia, neutering sheep with her teeth.

The male characters in Jong's latest book are mindless, bladder-whipped Dagwoods. The heroine and her women friends are the type who run the streets of Manhattan in packs, chasing cars. The many sex scenes,

for which Jong blushingly accepts the big bucks, are scraps she tosses out as needed to keep her readers interested. The readers are snapping it up, but Jong pretends that she wouldn't say "cunt" if she had a mouth full of it (and it's our guess that she often does). In one scene, the heroine bristles when a cab driver mistakes her for the author of *The Happy Hooker*. What the poor guy probably meant to say was that she reminded him of some flat-backer trying to imitate a writer.

We have a question. The lady in the first row with the combat boots—yes, you. Why do I feel threatened by Ms. Jong? I'll answer that. I enjoyed How To, just as I enjoyed a recent visit to the local zoo's reptile house. While I was there I saw a little green tropical snake, the kind that crawls into your bed at night to get warm and leaves you stone cold dead the next morning. Erica Jong is a lot like that.

Of course, a snake kills quickly, but it warns you first. Jong, on the other hand, makes you suffer through her sniveling, chickenshit despair. *How To* is full of her troubles. Beauty hurts her. Friendship hurts her. Other women hurt her. But men—oh, those soulless brutes!—men hurt her worst of all. Why, I don't know. She writes about men as if they were so many naughty miniature poodles. At one point, the heroine, reaching orgasm, screams at her poor slob of a lover, "It isn't fair! It isn't fair!" Why? Because he got her off. It was probably an accident.

The worst part of *How To*, however, is its endless literary masturbation. Jong is continually touting her own publicity, which represents her as a *serious* honest-to-God writer.

Goatblather, Erica. You've restored my belief in reincarnation. It looks like Jacqueline Susann is alive and well and on the comeback trail.

M. S.

MAKING IT BIG

by Diana Clapton and Marc Stevens
Kensington Publishing Corporation
Zebra Books
521 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York 10017
\$1.95

Marc Stevens appears to have grown tired of porking the pigs in his fuck films and is now rooting around for new game—an unwary reading public. His latest venture is titled *Making It Big* (you can't call it a book, even though it looks like one) and deals with his career as a male hustler—primarily of the pink flamingo ilk.

The book's preface, written by Stevens's Yiddish mama, is chicken soup sentiment strained through a circumcised perspective. "I remember when he was a tender 17, with his sisters badgering him relentlessly and his father ignoring him. I loved him so dearly and recognized the spiritual qualities that I think he inherited from me." The preface might lead the reader to believe that Stevens also inherited his big cock from mama.

Poor Marc sobs about the problems he had as a kid with a big pud, though his 10½-inch slab of bacon proves to be manna from heaven when he starts hustling. Although claiming not to be gay, the hungry hustler still admits to having sucked on some pork sausages in his day. However, Stevens implies, everything is kosher because he never swallowed the egg cream. Ironically, the Hasidic stud quit the world of poop-chute cowboys after a john placed a well-aimed hocker right in his face.

In order to break up the monotony of this fantasy for back-door lovers, Stevens throws in some heterosexual sequences—although they cater to the women-haters of

the world: "I had to gross her out . . . I flipped her over on her stomach, knelt over her back and—let go. I'd been saving up since yesterday, hoping I could make it. In the sweat and heat of molesting her, I'd relaxed my body enough so I could do it. . . . The crap hit the back of her neck, warm and sloppy." Passages such as this make one thing clear: Stevens is full of shit up to his skullcap.

In his introduction, Stevens babbles, "I've literally seen a fortune flow through my cock." Well, from now on he'd better wear a rubber to catch some of the gelt, because even with the help of his coauthor, Diana Clapton, it's obvious that he'll never make his fortune as an author.

—Zbigniew Kindela

HARD CORPS

Studies in Leather & Sadomasochism

Text by Michael Grumley
Photographs by Ed Gallucci
E. P. Dutton & Company, Inc.
201 Park Avenue South
New York, New York 10003
\$6.95

This is the ideal time to write a book about leather and sadomasochism. Publishers have convinced themselves that S&M is a hot subject, and magazines are churning out articles predicting that Mom, Dad, Buddy and Sis will soon be out of the closet and into bondage. However, it could be we're all being had like a bunch of Tijuana tourists.

Michael Grumley's *Hard Corps: Studies in Leather & Sadomasochism* is the latest in a series of books looking into S&M, all of which indicate that the sudden boom in sadomasochism is about as significant as the popularity of Davy Crockett coonskin caps. S&M is literary box office material.

When leather and sado-

masochism first entered the spotlight, they were accompanied by the titillating scent of satanism and stories of killer faggots. Grumley knows that most people who buy his book are hip to the fact that 99 percent of leather freaks' "cruelty" is nothing more than dress-rehearsal fantasy. Still, the people who've read the articles and heard the rumors are hungry for more than the truth. Grumley knows the secret of making money as a writer: Give the people what they want to hear.

Still, he does know better than to manufacture atrocities for the book, but he gets plenty of mileage out of re-tread facts. Naturally he goes to some length trying to discuss what the leather and S&M phenomena signify. Other books have done the same thing, and most have done it better. So, the meat of *Hard Corps* is certainly anything but academic.

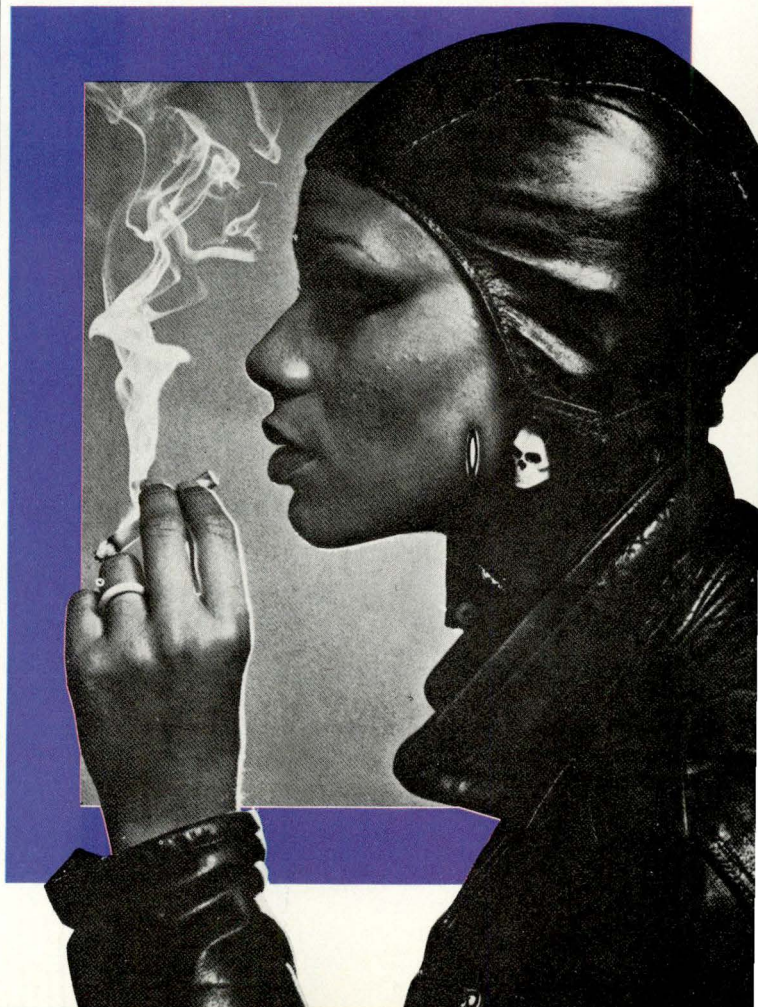
"After making love in a brutal manner, Roy says he

felt a sense of exhilaration and release that shocked him—he forced Jackie to perform fellatio on him and, after reaching his orgasm, he took her over his knee and spanked her with his belt until she in turn reached what she says was her first real orgasm."

This excerpt is from one of the "case histories" Grumley uses to explore the S&M and leather world. Whether the people Grumley writes about exist outside of his imagination makes no difference because there's nothing in *Hard Corps* to make any reader care one way or the other.

On the other hand, Ed Gallucci's photographs, which accompany Grumley's story, are good. They tell you more about S&M enthusiasts than Grumley's entire text. They are portraits that show sadomasochists as they really are: psychologically wounded people getting along the best way they can. 🍆

On-target S&M photos flounder in a sea of boring text in *Hard Corps*.



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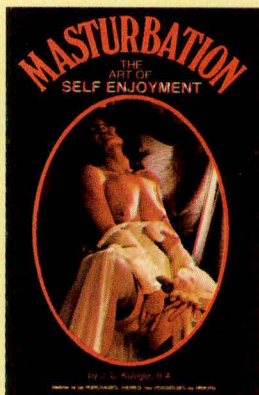
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Show Me!



A Picture Book of Sex for Children and Parents
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Explanatory text by Dr. Helga Fleischhauer-Hardt



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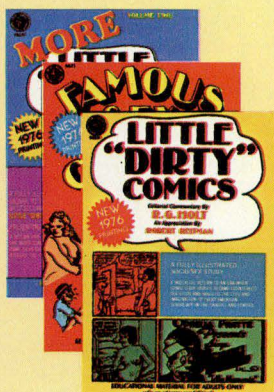
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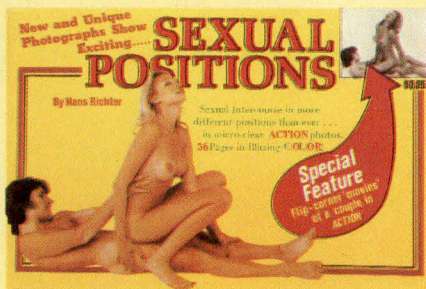
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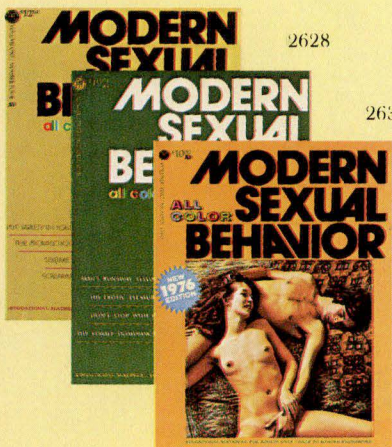
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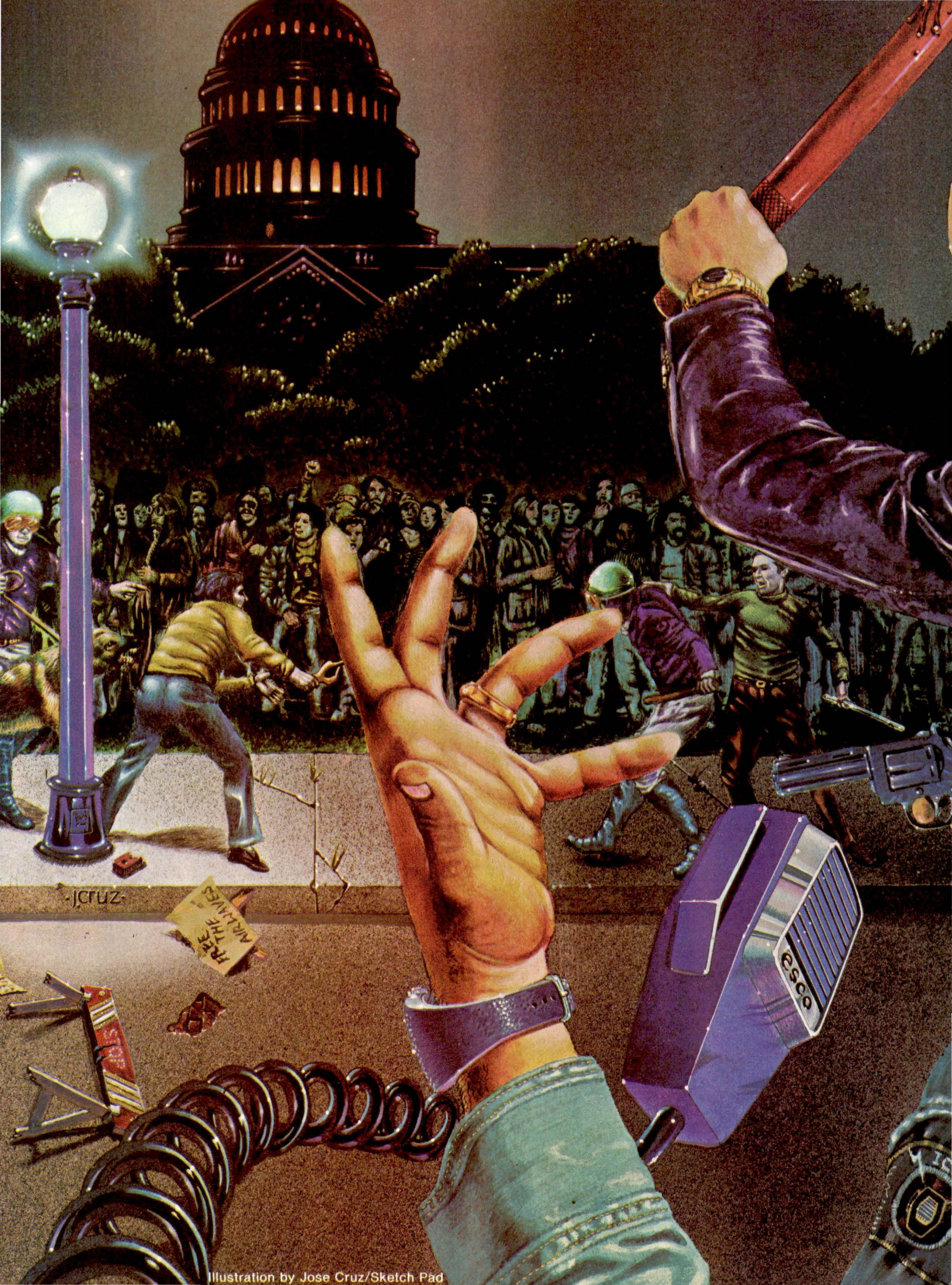
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CB Riots of 1980

Article by Ted Howard



The burgeoning interest in citizens band radio is not just a fad. CBs put the airwaves at the disposal of every American. Telecommunications are no longer being solely controlled by major radio and television stations or even the U. S. government. In this article, Ted Howard takes a look at the possible impact CB radio could have in the very near future. His predictions are based on fact—

extrapolations from the statistics, policies and attitudes that presently exist.

One of the biggest aids he had in writing this piece was inadvertently provided by the White House. The Arthur D. Little, Inc., think tank was contracted by the White House Office of Telecommunications Policy to study all facets of electronic broadcasting in America and suggest what the future held

for each in the next few years. Their report, Telecommunications and Society, 1976-1991, was released to the executive branch of the government on June 22, 1976. The chapter of the report dealing with citizens band was entitled "CB Chaos."

The FCC has a tiger by the tail and they know it. Whether they hang on or let go, they could still face the CB Riots of 1980.

April 18, 1980

It is now nearly midnight as I sit here in my apartment off Dupont Circle in Washington, D.C. No matter what happens—and at this point, anything could—tomorrow will go down in the history books as a day of monumental significance. Because, even as I type this, America is in a state of siege.

Every major city is paralyzed by massive rallies as the nation experiences its third day of a crippling general strike. Yesterday, according to news dispatches, 26 more demonstrators and nearly as many police and soldiers were killed. The National Guard has been called out to put down rioting in at least four states. Just one hour ago, President Carter left the White House aboard a heavily guarded helicopter for an unknown destination. Rumors are already flying through the capital that he will shortly announce a state of indefinite nationwide martial law. Meanwhile, protest leaders are saying that even if there are tanks in the streets tomorrow, a scheduled march and rally will go on as planned at the Washington Monument. Demonstration spokesmen estimate that the crowd will swell to

over 500,000 as the District of Columbia braces itself for the onslaught. At this very moment, an advance wave of 10,000 angry militants is already camping out on the Capitol grounds. Law enforcement officials are preparing for the worst—and with good reason. There's a new breed of militant radical in America, and he's the same guy whom Dick Nixon once classed as "the great silent majority." Working Americans are making protesters of the 60s look tame. The mightiest country in the world is being plunged into chaos because of a little item that costs \$100. Of course, historians will blame

recent events on an energy crisis that socked the economy and caused the worst depression since the 30s. They'll no doubt trace the radicalization of millions of Americans to the government's attempts to tear up the Bill of Rights. But if it weren't for the 30 million CB radios in Middle America's cars and trucks, this might never have happened.

In January 1977, there were an estimated 20 million CB users in the United States. By May, there were 14 major CB magazines and five national clubs boasting a membership exceeding 100,000 each. Three hit CB movies were released in June. There was even a sensational CB trial—a murder case in which the defendant was charged with shooting a fellow CBer in an argument over the use of a channel.

A new cultural phenomenon was spreading across America. In sheer numbers of participants, it dwarfed the counterculture movement of the 60s and the self-awareness and evangelistic movements of the 70s.

CB had become much more than a hobby. For the first time since the advent of TV and the birth of mass media culture, millions of people were literally tuning out commercial TV and radio, advertising messages, political leaders, opinion makers and the established institutions, and tuning into each other.

In the new fall television lineup, one network launched an action series that used CB as its focal point. Don Rickles and Charo were suddenly replaced as guests on the late-night talk shows by CB magazine editors and writers. Television commercials informed the public that the 1978 AMC Gremlin would offer a 40-channel CB unit as standard equipment.

Officials at the Federal Communications Commission grew increasingly alarmed at the proportions of the craze. License applications were pouring in at the rate of one million a month with no end in sight, and studies showed that ever greater numbers of people were taking to the airwaves without even bothering to apply for their permits.

Even worse, CB owners routinely engaged in illegal activities on their sets. A secret study undertaken by the White House Office of Telecommunications Policy warned that "the orderly use of

CB radio has broken down due to sheer volume and the inability of the FCC to cope with regulatory enforcement needs. Repeated requests by the agency for increased appropriations have not been granted. As a result, it is virtually powerless to enforce regulations. Abuses run the gamut from the illegal use of high-power amplifiers and high-gain antennas for increased communications range, to unlicensed operation and violation of the operations rules, leading to sheer anarchy. . . ." The feds knew that a Pandora's box had been opened, and now they had to cope with 20 million CB-equipped desperadoes.

The bureaucrats' fears increased when public opinion pollster Lou Harris found that the average CBer tended to distrust major institutions (government, corporations, the media) more than other segments of the population did. Harris also uncovered a growing self-awareness among CB owners, finding, for instance, that 84 percent of the CBers he polled thought "it would do more good than harm if CB users developed a new political movement to challenge federal regulations regarding CB."

On December 20, 1977, at a crowded press conference at FCC headquarters in Washington, D.C., John D. Laras, head of the commission's Citizens Band Division, announced, "For too long the nation's CB owners have been abusing the citizens band radio service. The position of the FCC is, and has always been, that access to the CB channels is a privilege allowed the citizens by the government, not a right guaranteed under the First Amendment. Therefore, we are today announcing a series of new enforcement procedures that will better ensure that FCC regulations are obeyed. If Congress gives us the necessary authority, we expect to have all of these efforts under way within the next eight months. We believe this will be for the benefit of all CB owners throughout the country."

The most drastic of these enforcement procedures involved the use of ATIS voiceprints and the establishment of the selective strike unit. ATIS (Automatic Transmitter Identification System) had been in the research and development stage at the FCC since 1974. With the simple insertion of a crystal chip into the

transmitter of a CB set, the system allowed a central government computer to record an electronic signal that would be sent out each time the unit was in operation. The computer could then analyze the length of each transmission, as well as the exact location of the set while in use. This, FCC officials hoped, would permit them to pinpoint CB users who were violating regulations governing the duration and power of each transmission. It would also give the FCC the ability to keep tabs on every CB user in the country.

Even more ominous than ATIS was the FCC's proposal to institute a voiceprint file of every CB licenseholder. Voices are just like fingers—each one has unique characteristics. If the government computerized the voiceprints of CB users, it could then immediately determine exactly who was modulating at whom. This was crucial, according to the feds, because CBers had taken to identifying themselves on the air not by their license numbers, as regulations required, but by their CB handles. With voiceprints, the government would be able to tune into someone identifying himself as "Superstud" and within 30 seconds determine Stud's real name and his home address. When questioned by reporters whether this was a violation of the right of privacy, Mr. Laras responded, "If you're not doing anything illegal and haven't got anything to hide, why would you care if your voice is on file in a computer? As far as I'm concerned, only lawbreakers would be opposed to this enforcement technique."

For years, the FCC had a small force of four "strike" teams that roved different regions of the country in an attempt to enforce CB regulations, but they were overwhelmed by the sheer numbers of CB users. So the FCC was preparing to set up 34 new elite teams of enforcers who would travel in vans equipped with advanced scanning equipment, directional finders and mobile hookups to regional voiceprint analyzers. Most important, team members would be empowered to enter homes of violators, seize illegal equipment and make arrests.

An immediate flood of protest followed the FCC's announcement. The executive board of the American Civil Liberties Union unanimously approved a resolution condemning the proposals as "a clear and present danger to the First Amendment rights of free expression guaranteed by the Constitution." The *New York Times* editorialized: "While no one can argue against the strictest enforcement of the FCC guidelines regulating the radio airwaves, it is apparent that voiceprints and

transmitter identification are more suited to a totalitarian dictatorship than a democracy."

Within the CB community, however, reaction to the new programs was violently divided. The older, more established, CB organizaions—Abilene Law Enforcement Reporting Team (ALERT) and Radio Emergency Associated Citizens Team (REACT)—had worked in conjunction with the highway patrol and the FCC for years in a variety of

**When
CBs are
outlawed,
only
outlaws
will have
CBs.**

capacities. It was no surprise, then, that such organizations joined together to applaud the law and order measures.

Most CBers, though, especially unaffiliated members of local clubs that dotted the country, were outraged at what they saw as the first step in eventually outlawing CBs altogether. In Washington, a liberal former FCC commissioner responded by announcing the formation of a lobbying group to fight for the rights of the CB user.

The most significant response to the new proposals came on March 3, 1978. In Richmond, Virginia, in Tom Murray's crowded living room, eight men and four women met to form what would soon become the largest CB organization in the country, ICBA (Independent CBers of America). The press immediately branded the group as "radicals" of the CB culture. Its program, however, was concerned more with reform than with radicalism. It called for an end to ATIS (and voiceprint) research and development, the opening of 40 additional radio channels to relieve congestion on the channels already in use and the permitting of power boosts to allow CB transmission up to 150 miles.

Within three months of its formation, the ICBA had local affiliates in 46 states and over 200,000 members. Using high-powered radio equipment that could

transmit up to 500 miles under proper conditions, ICBA organizers turned their CBs into a kind of electronic chain letter. There was no need to use the mails or telephones to inform ICBA's members of the national office's plans; they were simply relayed over the radio from one Cber to another. Information traveled fast and anonymously. And the government didn't like it.

In its first show of public power, the group inflicted a series of "drive-ins" on six cities on June 9. At the appointed hour, thousands of CB-equipped cars slowed to a ten-mph crawl on the major highways leading into Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis and Boston. Automobiles on the Santa Ana Freeway in L. A. sat backed up for 14 miles. The government got the message: The ICBA could paralyze major urban areas at will.

The feds moved against the group. At four o'clock on the morning of July 14, 1978, 18 crack teams of the selective strike unit got their first taste of action in a series of highly coordinated and smoothly executed raids on the homes of prominent CB organizers along the East Coast. In keeping with the FCC's new enforcement policies, no preraid warnings were given to the inhabitants of the houses. Witnesses said that in Charlotte, North Carolina, the strike team engaged in a rampage, kicking in the door at one address, smashing CB equipment, and then dragging the occupants out of the building before throwing them into a police car.

In two cases, startled ICBA officials awoke to find their bedrooms invaded by gun-toting plainclothesmen. When they attempted to defend themselves, they were beaten; one was seriously hurt when a rifle butt cracked open his skull. In all, there were 13 arrests. Powerboosted CB equipment valued at over \$200,000 was seized.

By the time the trial of the "CB 13" began on September 9, the defendants had become national folk heroes. Government prosecutors, hoping to make examples of the 13, charged them all with "conspiracy to violate federal regulations governing the citizens band radio service." Penalty for the offense was up to five years in prison. A national defense committee, coordinated by remaining ICBA leaders who had not been swept up in the raids, launched a series of pretrial rallies in the nation's major cities. The week before the trial began, *Time* magazine noted that "The case of what has become known as the 'CB 13' involves all of the elements of the so-called political trials of the 1960s: conspiracy charges, accusations of violation of the defendant's rights, support demonstrations around the country,

questions of the application of the freedoms of the First Amendment and the right of privacy, and perhaps millions of supporters who believe the 13 are martyrs to a just cause. Whether their movement will take a turn to the left as a consequence of this trial remains to be determined."

All 13 admitted that they had done exactly what the prosecution charged. They contended the law they were accused of violating was unconstitutional because it denied them their right to free expression via their CB radios. "My clients are not the guilty ones," Gerrad Haskins, the defense counsel, thundered in his summation. "It is the law that is guilty here, guilty because it runs contrary to the spirit of the Bill of Rights."

After 46 days, the defense and prosecution rested. The jury deliberated for 29 hours before returning a verdict—guilty as charged on all counts. With that announcement, pandemonium broke out in the courtroom as supporters of the defendants shouted their protests. Federal marshals fought to clear the courtroom.

Outside the courthouse, over 5000 sympathizers jammed the street waiting for the verdict. Banners reading, "Free the CB 13" and "When CBs are outlawed, only outlaws will have CBs" dotted the mob. As the word *guilty* swept through the throng, some broke down crying; others raised clenched fists.

Joanne Finney, wife of one of the defendants, asked the gathering to link arms and sing. As her husband and the other defendants were led from the courthouse to the cellblock, they could hear the refrains of "We Shall Overcome" and "America the Beautiful."

By jailing the CB 13, the government had hoped to intimidate others in the growing CB movement. But the effect of the trial was just the opposite. The day after the guilty verdict, six interim directors of the ICBA held a press conference in Atlanta, Georgia, urging Cbers to participate in a series of "direct action" demonstrations at regional FCC offices on November 4, the date of the off-year 1978 elections.

As a result of the press conference, over 100,000 people joined sit-ins, demonstrations and rallies at local FCC offices. In three cities—Des Moines, Santa Barbara and Tallahassee—CB protesters briefly occupied FCC offices and had to be ousted by police.

After the conviction of the CB 13, there was a growing awareness among ICBA members that there was more at stake in their fight than just the freedom to modulate. At their club meetings, discussions always seemed to turn from the First Amendment to government repression and spying and invariably to the other "enemies" of the movement, especially the three television networks. Recent Nielsen ratings showed a 12 percent drop in television viewing,

attributable largely to millions of viewers' tuning in their CB sets more frequently than their TVs. Consequently, the networks engaged in active lobbying on Capitol Hill to press for stricter enforcement of FCC regulations.

Following the wave of November protests, the ICBA spent nearly a year regrouping its forces, building up its membership, lobbying Congress on CB issues, and raising funds.

By September 1979, an economic crisis gripped the nation. For all his talk and promises, President Carter could not deliver on his campaign pledge to "put Americans back to work." The jobless rate, which had never dropped below 6.5 percent during his administration, hovered at over 12 percent, representing 13 million Americans. In northern urban areas, the statistics were dramatically higher, running up to 35 percent in cities like Gary, Newark and Detroit. Each week brought a new battery of government figures showing that this "recession" was actually beginning to rival the depression of the 30s. Yet, major corporations were enjoying all-time high profits.

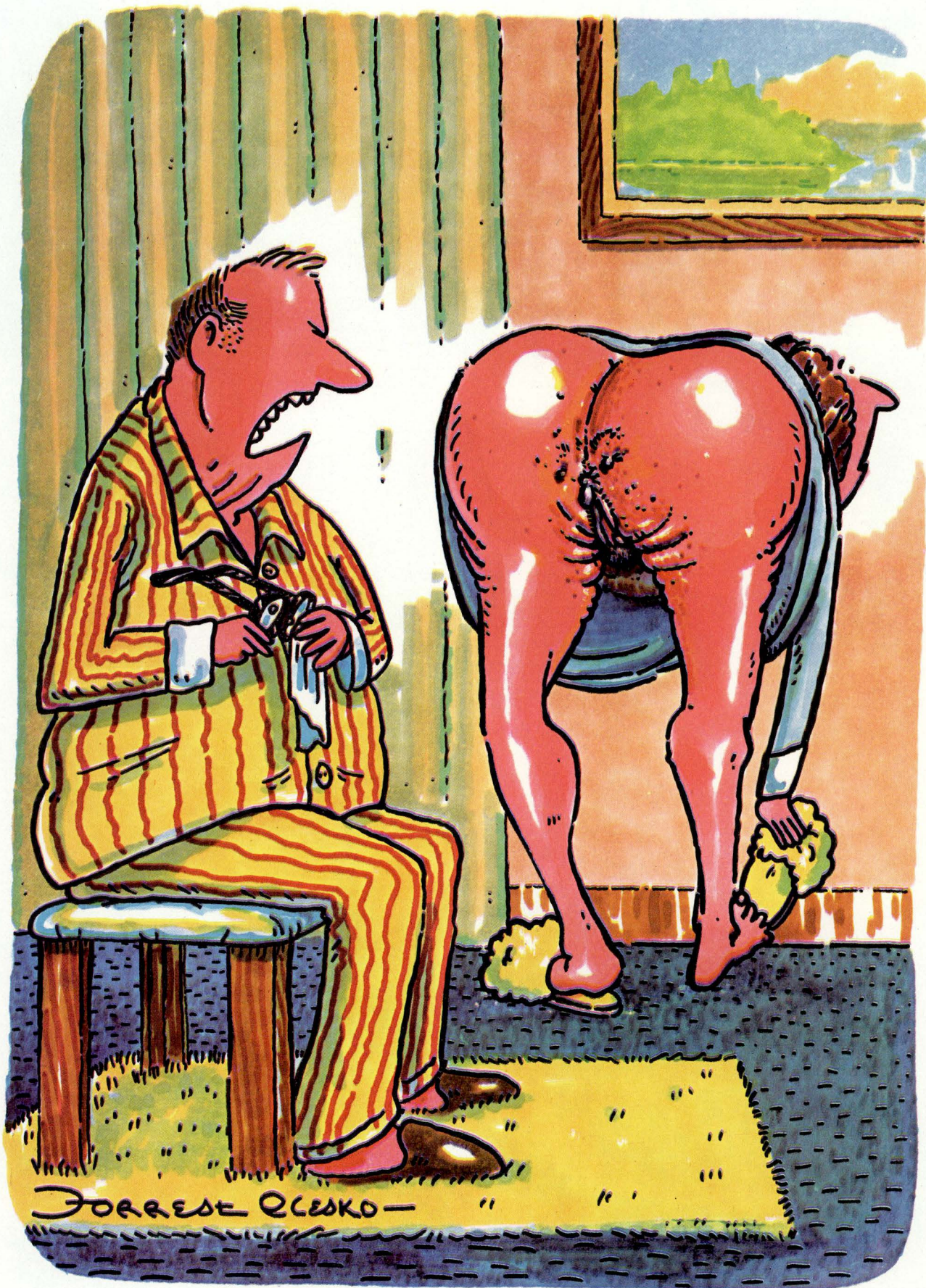
As the months passed, the depression deepened with the winter snow. A new militancy gripped the rank and file of the trade unions. In the hardest-hit areas of the country, wildcat strikes—condemned by the octogenarians in the leadership of organized labor but overwhelmingly supported by younger and angrier workers—grew and spread. For the first time since the Great Depression, day-to-day organizing among the jobless was initiated, and President Carter suddenly found himself depicted in editorial cartoons as a latter-day Herbert Hoover, with Jimmy's customary smile hidden behind a high, starched white collar.

Then, overnight, events 5000 miles from our shores changed the political future of the country. On January 6, the major Arab nations, sensing that America was too wracked internally by economic devastation to be concerned with the rest of the world, launched a coordinated assault on Israel. Two days later, President Carter went before a special joint session of Congress to announce the deployment of 15,000 marines to Jerusalem at the request of the prime minister of Israel. Within 12 hours of that pronouncement, the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries unanimously voted to shut off the flow of oil to this country. Almost immediately, an energy crisis hit with full force, making the fuel shortage of 1973 look mild in comparison. The economic system, already teetering on the brink of total chaos, could not with-

(continued on page 90)



"He says he has friends in high places."



"My God, Louise, without your teeth in, you look more like your mother every day."

KAREN



Catch Her Act

[HTTP://FREEMAGS.CC](http://freemags.cc)





Photographed by Suze Randall



Karen's first love is the theater, but as her studies take this 21-year-old closer to her goal of a career on the stage, they also teach her ways of choosing men. And she looks for what producers call "presence."

Since Karen is a one-man woman, she doesn't want to waste her time with superficial people. "In West Hollywood, where I live now, there are thousands of attractive men who are gay, and there's nothing for me there. So I look for a guy who can make me notice him without trying."

Karen says she's drawn to the strong, silent type, and the ones she's built relationships with haven't disappointed her—as people or lovers. "Once a couple spends a lot of time together they really open up for each other."

Acting also helps keep Karen secure, "since it teaches you to cast off your inhibitions. I've learned to be the kind of woman who totally abandons herself to her lover." Although her passion is no act, Karen thinks that making love is "the greatest show on earth!"









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BARRY REID: THE PAPER TRIP

PROFILE BY MIKE SHEETER

I first heard about Barry Reid when several people I knew used Reid's methods to assume the identities of total strangers. This was in Philadelphia during the early 70s. When everyone began telling me about false ID, I assumed it was just another project of the political crazies, one that would make Nixon crawl around and gnaw the Oval Office carpet.

I was interested in aggravating Nixon, but only in the most casual way. I probably would have thought nothing more about false ID had it not been for a party I went to one night. It was there that a friend named Crazy Ed showed me how becoming someone else could be used for fun and profit.

Ed, a former military intelligence officer, was an unlikely revolutionary. When I met him, he was attending the Wharton School of business on a scholarship and was locally famous for a complicated welfare scheme in which he illegally raked in over \$600 a month. On the side, he ran a floating poker game in the dorms, which netted him God-knows-how-many more hundreds.

At the party, Ed told several stories about getting and using phony credentials. In all modesty, he claimed he owed his success to false ID.

With fake ID, he said, you could steal merchants blind. He showed me an expensive stereo rig that he had stolen by using an alias to get credit. Another guy flashed a \$500 Rolex watch he had gotten by using the same method: He made a token \$75 down payment, charged the balance to a mythical person and then vanished. An intense political type in the corner made a speech about a "paper-people uprising" that would bring corporate America to its knees.

Ed smiled tolerantly and waved the guy off. The point of it all, he said, was that false ID could be used almost literally as a license to steal, and you could have a ball doing it. Had I noticed the color portable TV in his apartment? A rip-off. His Nikon camera? Another rip-off. His BMW touring bike? Financed by phony ID and a bogus federal student loan. At the time, I had my doubts about the whole thing. I couldn't believe the police were unaware of what was going on.

Ed insisted that there was a wide margin of profit with very little risk. He said that a man named Barry Reid had written a pamphlet called *The Paper Trip*, which explains the mechanics of getting alternate ID. All you had to do was apply to the county registrar for the birth certificate of an infant who had died. You could then have driver's licenses, passports and credit cards issued to yourself under the name of the deceased.

At the time, I already understood the mechanics of getting the papers. Easy as pie, in theory at least. But I still didn't do anything about actually getting any phony papers.

For one thing, I didn't understand all the possible uses of phony identification. Besides, I was fully aware that claustrophobes don't do too well in penitentiaries. I confidently expected the hammer to come down on false ID within days. I was wrong. Of all the paper-trippers I knew then, only one finally made it to the slammer—on a morals charge.

The title of a series of books and pamphlets from the finishing school of false ID, Barry Reid's Eden Press, is *Crime Pays!* You can take it from me—Reid is telling the truth. Alternate ID is the best thing to happen to the professional criminal since Judge Roy Bean's fatal heart attack.

I fully expected the government to wage a holy war on bogus ID, but it never happened. Aliases are being used to evade taxes, steal from scholarship funds and to avoid paying debts. They can also be used to "dissolve" marriages, cancel parole violations and child support payments, and to make big money for a few shady operators who know how to make the system work against itself. And, of course, in working against itself, the system works against all of us who support it with our tax dollars.

Alternate identification almost always figures in large-scale confidence operations and swindles. Depending upon whom you talk to, you will learn that false-ID fraud, plus the cost of trying to stop it, takes approximately \$12 billion out of the economy each year. The average grocery store will lose \$7000 in business annually.

Banks and credit card companies are taken for \$500 million every year by people with false ID. Most of the rip-offs are for large sums. The Weather Underground, the Symbionese Liberation Army, the Jewish Defense League and all of the foreign and domestic intelligence agencies operating within the U.S. have used the methods outlined in *The Paper Trip* to assume new names in order to set up fronts.

Within the past few years a list of famous paper-trippers would include Patty Hearst, James Earl Ray, Abbie Hoffman, Bernardine Dohrn, Timothy Leary and Eldridge Cleaver. Even the Justice Department uses *The Paper Trip* to create new lives for informants hiding out from the Mob. The thing is, it's probably a toss-up as to whether false-ID techniques are used more by federal agencies or by people playing financial rip-off games.

Employing the methods that Barry Reid outlines, corporation bigwigs often make use of mythical people to pull

off a dazzling variety of tax-evasion schemes. Often, whole companies and corporations are created on paper to work a tax fraud, and there are foreign banks (not to mention some in the U.S.) that are more than eager to cooperate.

Many of the draft resisters and deserters who went abroad to escape military service during the Vietnam War era have long since filtered back into the country and quietly established themselves under new names. The FBI has complained that almost all federal fugitives pick up false papers, and consequently it takes a much longer time to apprehend criminals on the famous "ten most wanted list."

In short, the phenomenon of pretending to be somebody else is burning both government and private business. Prices are spiraling as merchants suffer bigger and bigger losses. Federal agencies are becoming nosier about the private lives of citizens who are still aboveground. The feds are just learning, what the underground has known for years: that false ID is a fine way to jam tax collection, law enforcement and regulatory functions squarely up the government's ass. This being true, I imagined that the head of Barry Reid was presently decorating some city's main gate. Wrong again. His operation is perfectly legal and doing nicely. Barry Reid is alive and well in Fountain Valley, California, and happy as a pig.

Eden Press is headquartered in a

"professional" complex in Fountain Valley, its unmarked door contrasting sharply with the nearby offices of doctors and lawyers. Barry Reid, an athletic-looking man in his early 30s, stands more than six feet tall and weighs close to 200 pounds.

Mornings are Reid's favorite part of the day. He is usually busy at work by the time his five-girl office staff reports in. The early mail delivery swamps the girls with orders. For four or five hours, however long it takes, Reid watches them as they total up hundreds of dollars in cash and money orders. He thinks happy thoughts. His publishing and mail-order business is humming along steadily, almost operating itself, and he spends much of his time working on a series of radio spots to be sold to a syndicate of counterculture FM stations.

Eden Press sells bogus state IDs, Social Security cards and blank order forms for birth certificates. Often the ID cards alone bring in \$1000 a day. These products are popular among kids, and they can be used for a predictable variety of purposes: crashing bars, impressing none-too-bright girls, and so forth. Reid regards the blank-form business as a sideline. His blank forms bring in enough income to allow him to publish without outside advertising, and thus he enjoys total control over his business. His old reliable seller, the cornerstone of his steadily growing personal fortune, is *The Paper Trip*, the 28-

page pamphlet he wrote while serving time in federal prison.

In 1970, Reid was busted on a drug charge. He was 28 and had just left law school after finishing the first year. His prison days prepared him for the \$250,000-a-year business he now runs. Given a three-year sentence, he served 11 months, most of them at the Federal Prison Camp at Terminal Island, California. It was there that he wangled a choice work assignment as the inmate records clerk.

Reid was in the best possible place at the best possible time to cash in on his sentence. He had always been fascinated by con men, the people he privately thought of as "high-energy criminals." It seemed to him that these men, some of whom stole millions with only sheer nerve as a weapon, should have been success stories in the straight world.

"Federal prisoners are always a cut above the average," Reid points out. "The offenses they commit require intelligence far beyond that necessary for, say, an armed robbery or car theft. I was in prison with some of the Watergate crowd, men of ability and education who had the bad luck to get caught. I found that there are class distinctions in prison just as there are on the streets. A gifted con man is at the top of the heap in prestige behind the walls. The same holds true of federal prisons. Terminal Island is a sort of criminal Harvard—the last word in a con man's education.

"Operators, and I include myself, are driven men. We're all obsessed by the challenge of matching wits with the mark. People say the lure is the idea of getting something for nothing. I don't believe it. My God, do you realize how much work goes into setting up a swindle that a man can be proud of?" Reid shakes his shoulder-length brown hair and chuckles.

I know what he means. For example, *The Check Book*, Reid's magnum opus on bank frauds, shows an almost scholarly attention to detail. The operator whom Reid commissioned to write the book for him includes an appendix of 35 reference books on frauds and swindles as a matter of course. Reid himself is kept busy by the endless research his own writing requires. He spends hours looking for material in banking, law enforcement and federal policy manuals.

Reid hastens to make clear that while he remains close to the active criminal life, he is no longer a part of it. He points out that with the profits from Eden Press he has no need to connive for money. "I guess you could call me a vicarious criminal," he says. "I'll grant that my books and pamphlets are high priced,



but they aren't a con. Everything we put out is factual, and I've personally checked each of the techniques I write about. They work."

If you're willing to part with \$15 or \$20 for a couple of Reid's little paperbacks, you can learn plenty. Various law enforcement types would much rather you didn't spend the money. An intelligently executed con scheme is a difficult thing to stop. When the operator is using high-quality false ID, his handiwork gives the local police nightmares.

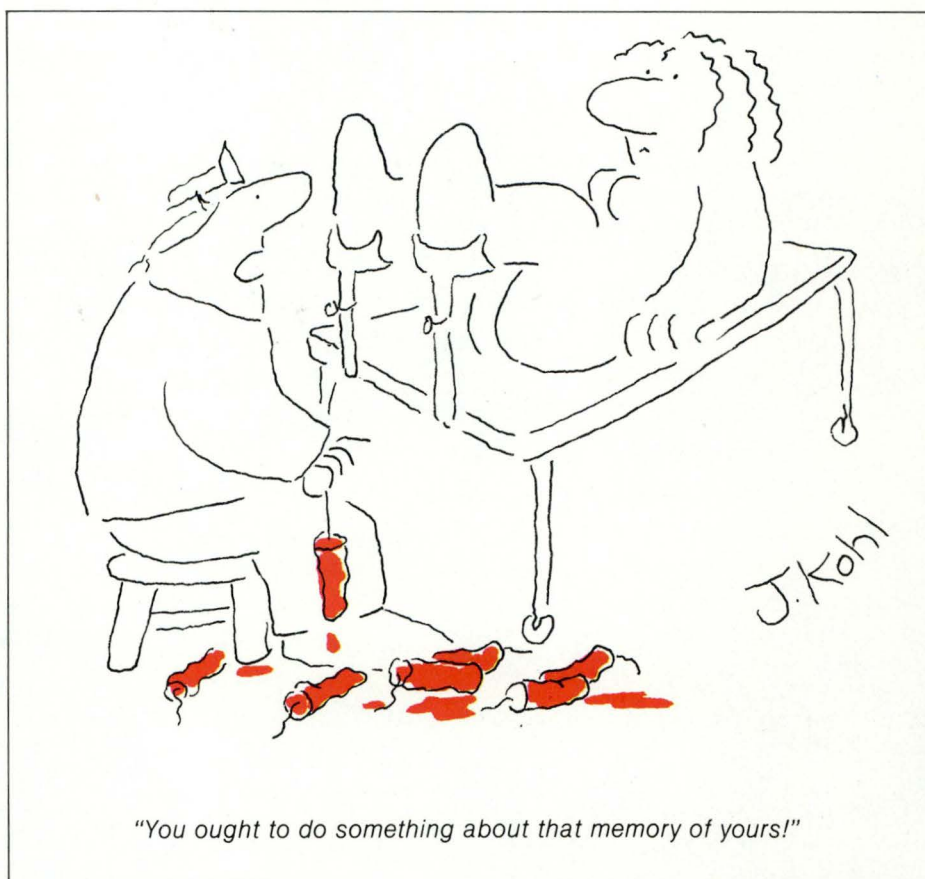
In addition to *The Paper Trip*, which serves the apprentice con man as a sort of *McGuffey's Reader*, there are 12 books in the Eden catalog. And each makes it clear that false ID is indispensable to the professional criminal. There are books to instruct the novice in just about every type of scam, along with useful supplementary reading on topics such as lock-picking, safecracking and even guerrilla warfare.

Anyone who seriously studies Eden's offerings will be prepared to go out and wreak havoc on capitalism and the welfare state alike. There are schemes that will bag the operator a place on the public assistance rolls, a day's room rent at a motel, the free use of a rental car and much more. Along with the minor stuff, there are ultrasophisticated scams that can be used to rape banks and businesses to the tune of millions of dollars.

Most of the information in his pamphlets, Reid indicates, is readily available in the library. Any talented researcher could run down the Eden Press "secrets." But until recently, the people who should be most interested in Reid's bag of tricks have been blithely ignorant of false ID and its uses. Several credit corporation security chiefs I talked to seemed to have only a vague idea of what's being done to them, and in an informal phone poll of the bunco squads in ten major cities, not one police officer was well informed about false ID.

"But that's just it!" Reid says. "And the cops are supposed to be on top of what's happening." His voice expresses a certain weary contempt for the bozos of the police profession. "Eighty-five percent of the people who buy my books never put what they learn to use. Sure, one in five readers will actually establish false ID, and more power to him. But the actual stealing is something else again. On the whole, my customers aren't thieves. They are Walter Mitty types. I call them 'information freaks.'"

David Muchow, chairman of the Federal Advisory Committee on False Identification, says he's very familiar with *The Paper Trip*. "Although quite a few people have tried to commercialize false



ID techniques," he told me, "Barry Reid has been the most successful, and I'm afraid his information on the subject is the most complete."

Muchow's committee includes about 75 members; not surprisingly, many are bankers and credit association members. Although the false-ID boom can be said to have started in the late 60s, when antiwar activists discovered the dead-kid's-birth-certificate technique, the Justice Department has taken its own sweet time in addressing the problem. Several theories have been advanced as to why the feds took so long to get a handle on false ID.

"The main reason is that federal law enforcement agents have been the biggest users of false identification papers," says Bob Smith, editor of *The Privacy Journal*. Certainly the paper trip technique has often been used by federal informers to infiltrate radical groups, and Smith asked me to take note that all proposed legislation against false ID exempts law enforcement officers. In other words, police will have a legal right to use alternate identification. The government isn't interested in abuses of privacy committed by law officials.

At about the time the business community began to suffer serious losses, the Justice Department became interested in the problem. Undoubtedly the procession of famous fugitives over the last few years had some part in stirring up official interest. But more to the point,

powerful corporate voices have been demanding that something be done. Coincidental with the business communities' complaints, a rash of publicity surrounded the false-ID problem.

When CBS finally featured Reid and *The Paper Trip* on *60 Minutes* last year, two things happened: Eden Press's sales skyrocketed and dire mutterings were heard on Capitol Hill that something was going to be done about these false-ID punks. In the meantime, because of the exposure, high profit and low-risk nature of this type of fraud, paper-trippers were spreading across the U.S. like oil on water.

Reid tells everyone that the trend is a reaction against the federal government's passion for putting people's dossiers on computer tape. "The time was when a man could make a fresh start in America. You could pick up and move somewhere with a new name and a clean slate without being hassled. Hell, I wrote *The Paper Trip* because I wanted to help the guys who were being railroaded to Vietnam by the government. I wanted to help them live free. And I've seen past prison records cropping up to deprive them of the jobs and opportunity they deserve. *The Paper Trip* is nothing more than a self-defense measure, a way to get out from under.

"Washington has flagrantly invaded the private lives of its citizens too many times for us not to fight back. Punch a

(continued on page 91)

Scratch 'n' Sniff
stacy
LIVE BAIT



Photographed by James Baes



Even for a beautiful girl who doesn't put on airs, fishing for men can sometimes be a challenge. So Stacy, an 18-year-old from Baltimore, has learned to use her natural charms to good advantage. And, for the lucky man Stacy manages to land, an evening with her means a whiff of something fresh and exotic. We'd been nosing around for just the right model for this Scratch 'n' Sniff feature—and when we talked with Stacy, we knew we had a perfect catch.

"These days, with all the scented douches and sprays," she says, "a girl can change the smell of her cunt to suit her fancy. Men appreciate the pleasant surprise of one of nature's gentle scents.

"Just scratch my pussy and you'll smell sweet lilac—my favorite scent of douche."

To find out if it's your favorite too, turn two pages to the Centerfold and dig into the hot, pink center of our Scratch 'n' Sniff circle.









SCRATCH 'N' SNIFF
HUSTLER'S HONEY
AUGUST 1977







LARRY FLYNT'S

HUSTLER CASINO

LOS ANGELES

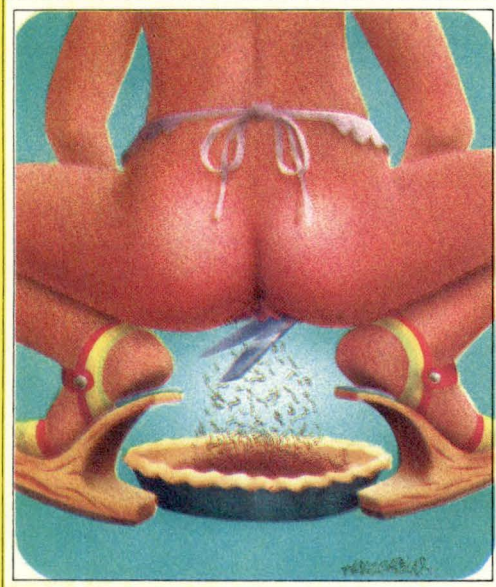
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HUSTLER HUMOR



**...and if you think
that's funny...**

Three guys—a Frenchman, a German and a Polack, were sitting in a bar. In walked a mean-looking black guy looking for a fight. He sat down, ordered a beer, took a drink, went over and slapped the Frenchman and said, "I like fucking white women."

The Frenchman looked at him and thought, "Well, that's great."

Then the big black guy went over to the German, hit him on the shoulder and said, "I like fucking white women." The German looked at him and said, "Good for you."

The black guy sat down and took another drink of his beer. He got up, walked over to the Polack and belted him on the back, then said, "I like fucking white women." The Polack sat and thought for a second and finally said, "I don't blame you. I don't like fucking those black ones either."

A husky foreigner, looking for sex, accepted a prostitute's terms. When she undressed, he noticed that she had no pubic hair.

The man shouted, "What, no wool? In my country all women have wool down there."

The prostitute snapped back, "What do you want to do, knit or fuck?"

An old maid wanted to travel by bus to the pet cemetery with the remains of her cat.

As she boarded the bus, she whispered to the driver, "I have a dead pussy."

The driver pointed to the woman in the seat behind him and said, "Sit with my wife. You two have a lot in common."

A foxy young lady was having trouble keeping boyfriends after the first date, so she decided to go to a doctor to find out what the problem was. The doctor asked her to take off her clothes and lie on the examining table. He checked her pussy and, finding nothing wrong, asked her to roll over and spread her ass. After checking her asshole and again finding nothing wrong, he told her to sit up so he could examine her mouth.

Upon looking into her mouth he exclaimed, "You've got the worst case of *Zacklies* I've ever seen!"

"*Zacklies*?" she said, puzzled. "What's that?"

"Your mouth smells zackly like your ass!"

HUSTLER defines *whipped cream* as: a masochist's orgasm.

Hank, a white GI, went home on leave and took Harry, a black GI, with him.

Hank's parents were quite wealthy and owned a fabulous estate with many acres of land.

The two GIs arrived, and there was a fantastic celebration with all of Hank's friends and family. Near the end of the festivities, Hank's father asked all the guests to step out back, where he had a mile-long swimming pool—stocked with two man-eating sharks. He said that whoever could swim the length of the pool could have one of three things: his house, his land or his beautiful wife.

Suddenly, Harry was in the water, swimming like a maniac until he safely reached the other side.

Hank's father asked Harry if he wanted his house.

"No," Harry replied.

"My land?"

"No," Harry answered again.

"My wife?"

"No," was the answer.

"Well, what do you want?" asked Hank's father.

"I want the honkie motherfucker who pushed me in!"

QUESTION: What's the definition of an overbite?

ANSWER: When you're eating pussy and it tastes like shit.

A drunk was trying to make time with a pretty girl at a cocktail party, but she wasn't having any part of him . . . especially the part he had in mind. After a while, to show his contempt for her, he inquired loudly, "Tell me, dear, what happens when whores get pregnant?"

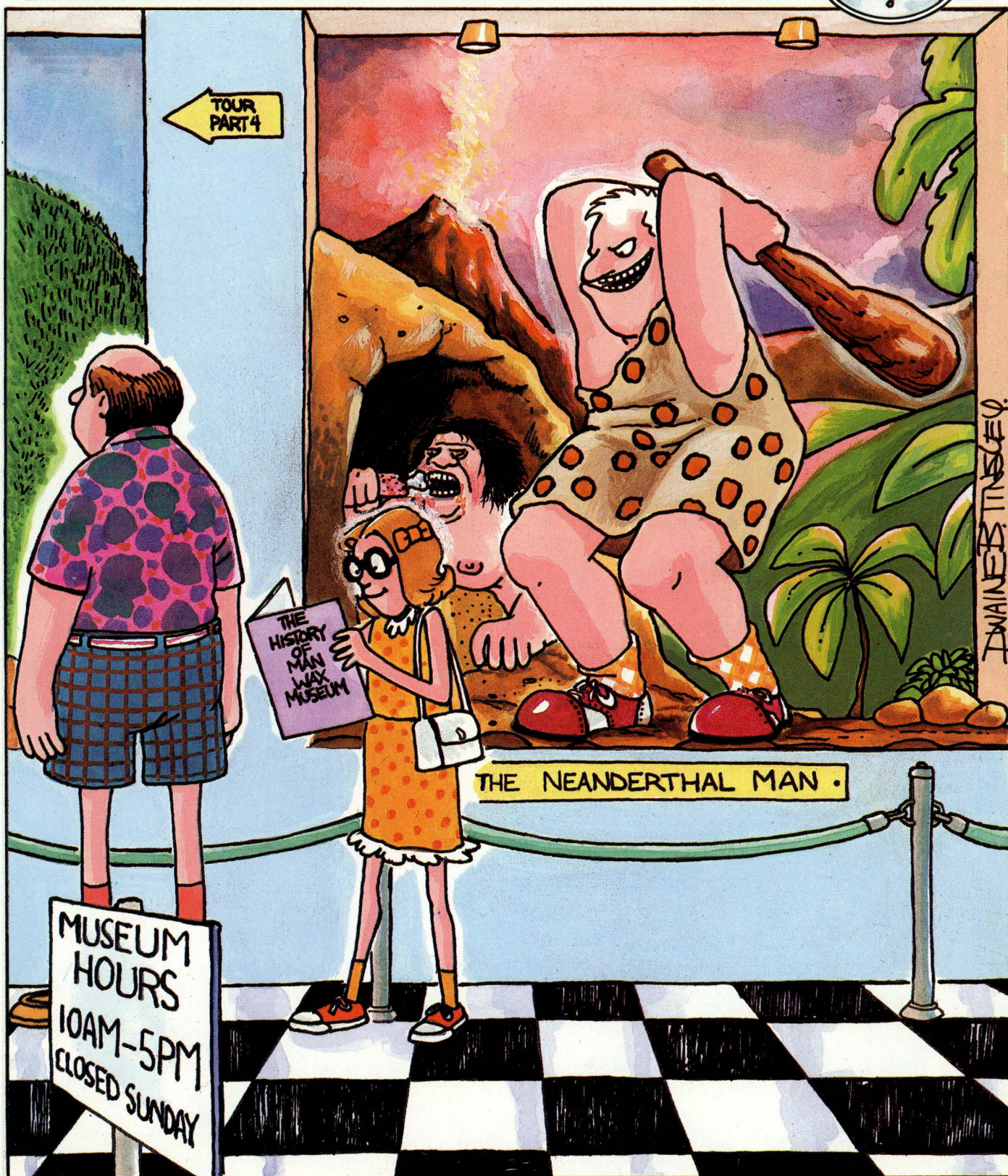
Amused, she answered, "Don't tell me you still think your mother found you under a cabbage leaf!"

We once knew a lady whose baby was so ugly, Planned Parenthood wanted to use it as a poster child for birth control pills.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke to us on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: **HUSTLER Humor**, 40 West Gay St., Columbus, Ohio 43215. If your joke is selected, we will send you a check for \$25. Sorry, no returns.

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HOW TO PICK



UP GIRLS



The first and best method of social intercourse between the sexes was dreamed up in a cave. In the dawn of history, one of our distant ancestors probably woke up with an erection as usual. But on this particular morning, he made a dim association between his hunting club and his rigid cock and proceeded to stalk out into the wilderness to forage for an appetizing sex object. Finding his prey, he walloped her with his club and dragged her back to his stalagmite crib. With one fell swoop of the club both *macho* and no-nonsense communication with little girls were born. Unfortunately, with "progress" the direct approach fell into disfavor. This phase of the evolutionary process, no doubt, resulted in countless confused prehistoric men wandering through the wilds clutching their boners and muttering: "What-do-I-do-now?"

Today, thousands of years later, with our galloping technology and the rich legacy of sexual revolution and feminism, there are still droves of confused men wandering through the wilds clutching boners. So much for "progress."

In the 1970s, a direct result of this age-old problem seems to be the proliferation of "how-to-do-it" books on the topic of finding, approaching and seducing women. By sheer variety alone, it is evident that these books are big sellers. But what are they like? And do they work? These are questions raised by the editors of *HUSTLER*, who asked me to read the most popular books on the subject and to "test drive" the advice in real-life situations.

Other than money, the reason I was able to follow through on this assignment was that, like most men I know, I have never been very good at

Article by **FRANK FORTUNATO**

Photographed by Frank DeLia
at Mr. Brown's Descent
Columbus, Ohio

picking up women. I always considered it demeaning to arm myself with superficial conversation just to go out cold-canvassing for cunt. Usually it has been a case of the girl's picking *me* up—or else I met women through friends, at parties or at work.

How-to-do-it books recommend a kamikaze attack in which you are told to deny soul, ego and sanity in the struggle for ass. The books have advised me to be a feminist, a chauvinist porker, nice, nasty, truthful, dishonest and forceful as well as an ingratiating worm. Rather than struggle with these contradictions, I decided to test them at what *theoretical* seemed to be a natural proving ground: the splashy premiere party for a new porn flick.

What I had failed to realize was that an event such as this attracts a particular stratum of New York's party set—people who spend their lives ferreting out parties and who probably view with great anxiety any Saturday night they must endure without three or four opportunities to be seen at all the “right” night spots.

The costumed horde milling at the door was my first hint that the party people were here in droves. Inside, I positioned myself at the bar and thought about my “mission,” which inspired me to throw down two quick shots of Jack Daniel's. I could use all the courage—bottled or otherwise—I could get. So armed, I joined the main gathering. It was a sardine can—a frottage freak's paradise. I retreated to the least crowded corner and was surrounded by an array of single males: young men with shoulder-length hair and Brooks Brothers suits, middle-aged men who seemed to wear tuxedos simply because they owned them, and party-boy blacks wearing two-inch earrings and dashikis. There seemed to be an absence of only one essential commodity: single women.

Eventually, I spotted a tall, elegantly dressed woman carrying something and working her way over to my corner. She stood right behind me. I struggled to remember a clever gambit, quickly rejecting “Hi” and “Are you a Pisces?” (two old standbys in the “how-to” books). She saved me the trouble by suddenly leaning forward and warning, “Don't sit down.”

“What's back there—a dildo?” I looked back and saw two plates of chicken on the seat.

“Waiting for someone?” I asked, flashing my version of an ingratiating smile and hoping that the extra plate was for a female friend.

“Yeah, he's over by the bar. Look! There's Huntington Hartford,” she said,

nodding toward a distinguished-looking man with longish white hair and a decadent layer of flesh covering his face. The A & P heir has quite a reputation as a womanizer, so I wasn't surprised when she said, “He tried to pick me up once—on the *street*.” I thought of asking her about his pickup style but decided that a millionaire's lines were irrelevant to my predicament. After all, if worst came to worst, he could always offer a chick a few branch stores or a South Seas island.

Just then, the lady's friend came along. After a few minutes of pleasant

Her look seemed to say: “I wouldn't piss in your mouth if your teeth were on fire.”

conversation, the girls went over to a table with their food and drinks. I looked for other prospects and spotted a rather plain girl with short hair who looked as if she'd fit in nicely as a secretary at a nut and bolt factory in Queens. She eyed me with what seemed to be distrustful curiosity. At least she *looked* easy; so I gave it a try.

“When do you think things will start picking up around here?”

“Oh, c'mon,” she said, periscoping the room, “I can't find *anyone*.”

“Are you involved with the film?”

“I run a porn film agency.”

“Jesus!” I said, staring at her, “I can't think of *anything* I'd rather do than run a porn casting agency.” I said it jokingly, but I meant it from the bottom of my heart. She knew what I meant and just stared at me.

I wasn't doing too well. I figured that I must be breaking one of the books' cardinal rules: I wasn't being “nice.” But then, what constitutes “nice” to a chick who runs a porn agency? Before I could figure out the answer to this question, she shrieked, “Sharon!” and went charging across the room to greet two flashy girls with blouses tied so as to reveal their navels. I recognized one of the newcomers as a porn starlet. She'd rimmed three guys in a flick I'd seen the day before. “Zounds,” thought I, “that's my kind of girl.” Unfortunately, she had an arm possessively wrapped

around the Oriental chick at her side and was countering the wide-eyed stares from the men in the room with a look that seemed to say, “I wouldn't piss in your mouth if your teeth were on fire.”

While I was waiting, a fellow porn reviewer came over and introduced himself. What followed was a long conversation—an information exchange—during which I witnessed the two girls being picked up by two guys. The conversation doubled my knowledge of porn gossip, but brought me no closer to testing out all my newly acquired pickup principles. At one point, I was able to latch onto one of the porn starlets I knew from a one-shot orgy scene several years ago. I reminded her of our little scene, prompting a giggling response and an introduction to her fiancé—another porn actor. It just wasn't my night.

The next morning it occurred to me through the fog of a hangover that the books recommended ingratiation as a basic tactic for success with women. Ingratiating oneself goes against the few principles I possess. Nevertheless, I had made a concentrated effort to be ingratiating, and it had been a dismal failure.

On the other hand, these books deal with picking up girls who are quite a bit more conventional than those you're liable to find at the average porn party. I decided to take a shot at some of the bars in the New York City suburb where I live. Near my home are two of the busiest pickup bars in the area. One place caters to a younger crowd and is frequented by some very attractive women. However, it's usually overcrowded to the point that it takes a sustained effort just to maintain normal breathing patterns. The other bar is less crowded, but the women tend to be embittered divorcees ranging in age from their mid-20s to menopause.

I tried the “younger” bar first, but there was a line outside waiting to get in, so I did an about-face and headed for the divorcee ranch.

The place is decorated in the typical wood-beamed ambience that has made singles bars look as standardized as junk-food hamburger joints. The walls were covered with framed prints and shelves of beer steins and commemorative plates. In the corner, an organ combo was playing rock.

I noticed one empty seat at the far end of the bar and sat down between two men who appeared to be in their 40s. One of them looked as if someone had just shit in his Easter basket—a beer stupor, I guessed from the number of empties in front of him. To my left, a



"Which one gets the dried, crumbly shit?"

professional type quietly drank a Bloody Mary and downed pretzels with an even cadence of one a minute. Unlike me, neither of them seemed to expect anything to happen.

About halfway through my second beer, a tall brunette entered, then disappeared in the crowd. Several minutes later, I felt a presence over my shoulder, and a hand appeared, proffering some money while a voice asked for a scotch and soda. It was her—looking even better up close. The bartender brought her the drink. The pretzel-eater to my left (a true gentleman) offered her his seat. He said he was about to leave. She was being handed to me on a silver platter. "Make it good," I told myself while searching for an opening line.

Suddenly, a diminutive girl came over. She and the brunette kissed—a greeting that at first made me suspicious, since the short girl had a wavy, dykeish hairdo and a face that resembled Howard Cosell's. My suspicions were alleviated as I eavesdropped on their conversation. Apparently they

were cousins, and the "Cosell" woman launched into an incredibly tedious monologue about her job at the telephone company. This litany seemed to have produced a near-comatose state in the brunette, so I plunged into the conversation (uninvited), mentioning sarcastically that my first job was for Ma Bell at exactly \$52.50 a week, including split-shift premium. It wasn't exactly a smooth gambit, but Linda—the brunette—welcomed it as a relief from her cousin.

Straightaway, I blew my cover by telling her of my *HUSTLER* assignment and asking how *she* liked to be approached by men. This set off a conversation during which Linda labeled herself a "normal" woman who liked the conventional etiquette of having doors opened and cigarettes lit for her. Trying to connect with Linda became a "reality check"—I wanted to see how I came across to a "normal woman," a type that seldom interested me as I lived out my version of *The Pursuit of Happiness*. So, I played it close to the vest (and the

books) as I lit her cigarettes and punctuated her story with a multitude of affirmative nods, saying "yes" and "I understand" at all the right places. I even danced with her several times—the ultimate concession. I consider dancing a reprehensible function, located on the cosmic scale somewhere between defecating and dying. In short, I was being a good boy.

I thought we had long since lost her cousin when she suddenly appeared, obviously drunk and with some guy in tow. The cousin didn't care for me too much—and showed it by winging out a barrage of shit which amounted to: "All you writers are crazy." Naturally, I *know* this. Not wanting to blow things at this stage, I suppressed a strong urge to tell her to go fuck herself. Instead, I smiled at Linda, who seemed to appreciate my restraint. She grabbed my arm and burst out laughing. Like a true lounge lizard, I figured that a sort of intimacy had been achieved between us, so I made a move: "Do you get high?"

(continued on page 94)

A LOOK AT THE PICKUP BOOKS

According to Frank Fortunato's findings, the art of picking up a bimbo in a bar is more personalized craftiness and chance than a formula you can pick up from a book. But if Frank's insight doesn't convince you that you can con the pants off the local "strange" without an instruction manual, here is his assessment of the major books available on the subject today.

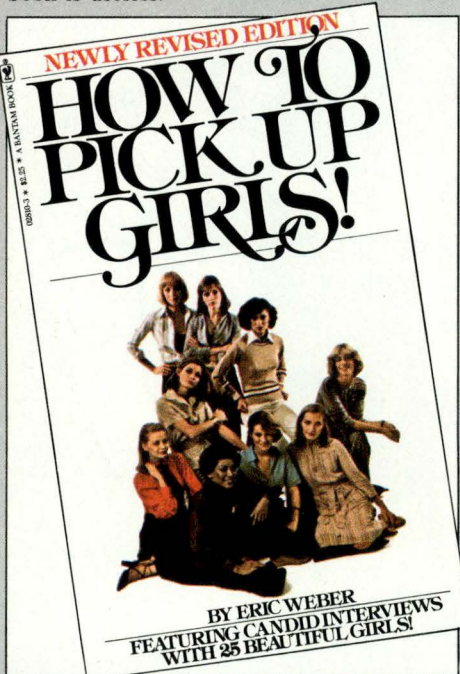
HOW TO BE OUTRAGEOUSLY SUCCESSFUL WITH WOMEN by John M. Carter and Lois Wyse, Ballantine Books, \$1.75

Besides being hokey, the title of this book is misleading. Actually, it's a manual for converting the males of our species into pussy-whipped clowns. Although it is credited as having been written by a man and a woman, I suspect that John Carter (who we're told has edited women's magazines for 20 years) is either nonexistent or a bull dyke. The prose is feminine in style and feminist in content—propaganda aimed at men who *already* have relationships with co-workers, girlfriends and wives.

The emphasis is placed on business relationships. The authors suggest a list of prominent women qualified to sit on the boards of directors of major corporations (as if any hornstick cares), and they advise the reader on corporate manners when being interviewed by a woman. Even in the few sections on more intimate human contact they fail.

The book is riddled with stupid statements and almost totally neglects any useful information. The authors managed to consolidate the answers to the problem of finding and approaching women into one-half page. Lest we forget that we're dealing with the "new woman," we are exhorted to "learn

to talk to women the way you talk to a man: with humor, tolerance and interest." As an aid in finding and securing women, this book is useless.



THE FINE ART OF PICKING UP GIRLS by Jim Deane, Pinnacle Books, \$1.50

Fellow sexist porkers will feel a bit more comfortable with the remaining books—which either consider women as gullible marks or as prey. Of these books, Deane's is the most offensive. He continually injects his ego into this grab bag of ideas.

He spends 20 pages rating worldwide pick-up spots; Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia, emerge as two of his favorites. His coaching advises us to read all the best-sellers so that we can "intelligently discuss literature," and to read

Time and *Newsweek* cover to cover for a year, so we'll know "more about current events than 80 percent of the people we meet."

There is *some* common sense mixed in with the antiquated ideas. He advises the reader to avoid "Always on the Go-Go Girls"—ones who are always doing something; but the "something" is rarely screwing. He shrewdly tells us to always listen to a woman when she opens up, to insert an occasional heartfelt "I understand" into the conversation, and to never threaten a woman by disagreeing with her intellectually—as this, he assures us, is bound to frighten the delicate little creature.

However, he seems most interested in laying down a series of inane generalities and convincing us of his own prowess with women. Amidst all these superficial tidbits, Deane fails to mention that "state of mind" is the most important factor.

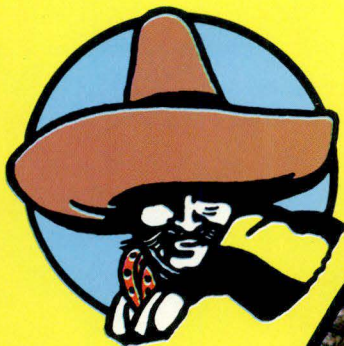
HOW TO FIND, PICK-UP AND SEDUCE GIRLS by Stanley J. Conner, Pent-R Books, \$2.95

Conner also has an ax to grind and ego to air, but unlike Deane, he applies some style and a lot of hustle to his pitch. Conner shows us he's all heart by guaranteeing his methods with a warranty that sounds as if it were lifted off a bottle of snake oil. He promises to refund his *profit* on the book if your failure fulfills about a dozen criteria, including the provision that he gets to meet the chick who spurned you.

With 226 pages of microscopic print, this is by far the longest of these books. In it, Conner exposes himself far more than the other authors.

Conner tends to emphasize and reemphasize his minor points, foremost of which is that *attitude* is the most important element in becoming successful with women. He leaves nothing to chance in his book. He

(continued on page 95)



Antoinette
TIJUANA HOT SAUCE

Antoinette's heritage is part French and part Greek, a combination that has lots of men constantly knocking at her doors—front and back. But even this sexually versatile 19-year-old model sometimes gets bored. When that happens, she retreats into a world of fantasy and imagines herself to be a Tijuana whore.

"It really doesn't take much imagination," she says. "All I do is put on the tacky clothes I bought at Frederick's of Hollywood and sidle up to my man and say things like, 'Allo

sailor, you want fuckee-suckee?' It never fails to make him horny as a bull. And I'm happy to be his cow."

Antoinette admits that when there is no man around

she sometimes fantasizes about starring in one of the famed T-town donkey shows. "Even though I doubt that things like donkey shows really exist, I can still get off on the fantasy."

When asked if she would ever really consider having sex with a donkey, Antoinette replies, "I doubt it since I always like to be on top."





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No Way to Say Goodbye

Fiction by Harold Norse

Rick hesitated, startled, as he passed the young hippies. One of the girls had caught his attention and held it. It was nothing she said or did, for she just sat there, listlessly gazing into space with vacant blue eyes. Her long, yellow hair was slightly unkempt and her slender hands lay open in her lap. Everything about her was familiar: the faded jeans, the full, firm breasts partly visible beneath her torn denim shirt. A faint smile hovered about her lips when she noticed him. Her expression, though—it was eerie. She looked almost ill, for her eyes seemed to swim off into space. Maybe she was high or something. Of course, that was it! But the most bizarre thing of all was her resemblance to the first girl he'd ever made it with, more than 25 years ago, back in New York, his home town. She was a dead ringer. Their eyes locked again, producing in him an uncanny feeling of *deja vu*. He wondered what her name was, as if that might give him a clue—to *what*? He wasn't sure. Just as he was about to move closer, the boy beside her started singing and playing Leonard Cohen's *Hey, That's No Way to Say Goodbye*. Her attention shifted to him, and Rick found himself listening to the words of the haunting song:

*But let's not talk of love or chains
And things we can't untie,
Your eyes are soft with sorrow
Hey, that's no way to say goodbye.*

Yes, her eyes were soft with sorrow. And they were definitely the eyes of Frankie. . . .

"Shit," said Frankie. "Why get yourself shot up? Do you wanna come back a basket case? No arms, no legs. No balls, maybe."

"I guess you're right," said Rick. "But think of nice green stuff I can make in just a few weeks. One thousand bucks. Just to get to Murmansk and back."

"Maybe *not* back," she said ominously. "Remember Shepard?"

"Yeah." Shepard never came back. Twenty-two—a year older than Rick. "But I'm not a coward," Rick persisted. Shepard, the dead hero. How could they forget? Frankie laughed bitterly. She had loved Shepard, her big love.





When she laughed her gums showed. He wanted to slobber his tongue all over her gums and teeth because they looked so young and fresh. Her teeth were small, like a doll's. He glued his mouth to hers, running his tongue all over the inside of her mouth until she pulled away violently, trying to catch her breath.

"Let... me... talk!" she gasped. "I'm real... serious and all... you can *think* about is... kissing and... *fucking*!"

"Um-hmmm," he agreed, trying to grab her again. She retreated to the foot of the bed, where she sat clasping her knees. They were naked and had just made love for the third time in an hour. Rick never wanted to stop. He could go four, five, six times. But Frankie, who had her own ideas, preferred talking. An 18-year-old southern belle from Tennessee, she never forgot that she was a debutante who had been to society balls and dinners and that her father was a dean at the university.

"You're *not* a coward," she said. "You're a handsome young man who wants to stay that way. Why get your pretty face mashed? Or worse, *much* worse."

She paused meaningfully, a note of dread in her voice. Rick had no desire to play the hero for American steel and oil interests. But World War II meant more than that to him—it meant stopping

Hitler before it was too late. Rick was Jewish.

"The merchant marine," he said, jumping over to her side of the bed, "is a lot safer than the navy or army. I could get a commission. I'm a college grad."

"Buffalo shit," she said. "None of it's safe. New York is a lot safer. Right here in my bed in Greenwich Village is *safest* of all."

Rick sighed. The temptation was too great for a young man in love with a clever society girl who knew how to dress and cook and—well, did she really know how to *fuck*? The thought sobered him. Whatever else she could do well—and that was just about everything—Frankie was totally and maddeningly frustrating in bed. Although far more experienced than he—this was his first affair, but she had had quite a few before marrying Shep and bearing him a son at 16—she would lie back stiff as a board without even moving her hips, no matter how energetically he screwed. She would barely moan, her eyes closed, a secret little Mona Lisa smile on her lips. She appeared to enjoy it, and when she opened her eyes they were dreamy and far away. Yet when she climaxed, seconds after him, she did so with a cool, almost sphinx-like reserve. It baffled him.

The thought of her continually holding back whetted his libido. Rick was proud of his youthful virility. He always

had an erection when he needed one.

He grabbed her knockers (he was a Brooklyn boy) and, in spite of her vehement protests, threw her down and pinned her thin arms under him as he stuck his big, hot penis between the wet lips of her vagina. She struggled as he started screwing the frail, white body beneath him; he realized once more that in spite of her passive rigidity, her cunt began, as usual, to boil with flowing juices. He found it impossible to keep up the pace for more than a couple of minutes, so great was the heat in her inflamed cunt. He released a flood of sperm into her. Before he rolled off, she moaned softly and, with no upward thrust of her pelvis, silently came. . . .

When the song was over, Rick stared with disbelief at the enigmatic smile of the blonde girl. Frankie's smile.

"Hi," he said. "My name's Rick. What's yours?"

The girl stared. "Marlene," she said.

For a moment he didn't know what to say. The others barely noticed him.

"That's a beautiful song," he said. "I used to know Leonard Cohen in Greece. About five years ago."

"I had a friend who knew him also," she said.

Rick detected a slight accent, noticing that she spaced her words carefully.

"You're not American, are you?"

"German. From Berlin."

He liked the strange way she looked at him with her sorrowful eyes.

"Have you been in the States long?"

"Since I was 12. I'm 18 now."

The guitarist erupted into another Cohen song called *So Long, Marianne*.

So long, Marianne, it's time that we began

To laugh and cry and laugh about it all again.

"She was a Norwegian girl," said Rick when the music stopped. "We used to call her the Ice Queen."

"That's funny," said Marlene. "That's what a boy I once knew used to call me."

"I can believe it," said Rick. "You're the same type."

Marlene got to her feet. She was as tall as Rick. As they began to leave, she looked ruefully at him and said, "Well, goodbye." Rick longed to invite her for a coffee, but the guitarist, a lanky kid with brown curls and an arrogant expression, possessively put his arm around her.

"So long," said Rick. "I hope I see you again."

She made no answer. Soon they were out of sight.

Rick felt empty and vulnerable. He had nowhere to go. He had come to the beach from the gym only 30 minutes



"Pay up, sucker, I told you he'd land on his feet!"

before, vaguely hoping to run into some hippie girl. He knew he was attractive to young women, but felt self-conscious about his age. In the dressing room of Gold's gym, as he towed off beside the young body builders, he did not pretend to suppress satisfaction at his body, wet and gleaming in the full-length mirror. His deep tan added dramatically to the undeniable glamour of his muscular build. At 48—twice the age of the muscle boys who flexed their biceps and sneaked quick leg poses in the mirror—Rick was tough and well-developed without being narcissistically addicted to the competitive sport of body building. But he could hold his own with any of them.

Pumping iron was the best way he knew of to keep fit, combined with running and jogging on the beach. *Weights*, he thought while dressing unhurriedly, *saved my ass from middle-age spread and the diseases that go with it.* Deeply grateful for the dumbbells and barbells, he never knocked the iron game. It was his passport to youth.

He packed his sweat-soaked togs into the little nylon overnight bag and picked his way through clanking metal plates, grinning appreciatively at the groans and grunts of the perspiring trainees working out with intense concentration. Outside, he crossed Pacific Avenue and sprinted down Brooks to the paved promenade, locally known as "the boardwalk" because it skirted the beach. He turned south past Market and Windward, past the winos and junkies, the freaks and crazies, some of them yelling drunkenly, insanely. Then he came upon the group of hippies and stopped before the one who languidly strummed his guitar and sang in the sun. That was when he saw Marlene. . . .

When Frankie and Rick went out together, they attracted quite a lot of attention. Her bright blonde hair and long, almost boyish, body—contrasted with his imposing build, vivid raven-black hair and dashing good looks—turned peoples' heads. Besides, there was a war on, and one did not see many young men on the streets. Rick was self-conscious. People stared accusingly. Sometimes they even snarled, "Why aren't you fighting overseas with the rest of our boys?" At first, he felt sheepish and would mumble something by way of excuse, but as the war dragged on, he grew more and more defensive and unhappy. Wherever he went, people stared. He began to stare back, returning their hostility. Sometimes he told them to mind their own business, but more and more he felt guilty about not being in uniform. A slight heart murmur had kept him out of the service.



Rick usually avoided violent confrontations, but there were times when he was unable to. One afternoon, as he and Frankie were walking down Eighth Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, they saw a large crowd partially blocking traffic just outside Mary's Bar. As they approached, they could see a commotion around an old, white-bearded peddler, who was trying to defend himself against a big drunk by throwing up his arms and covering his face. The old man's pushcart was half-overturned, his brooms, buckets, pans and clothespins—hundreds of clothespins—scattered in the gutter. His black felt hat lay dented on the street beside his wares. The drunk kept manhandling him, trying to hit him in the face, but staggering wildly with each attack, so he could not really inflict much harm. He'd pick up a dish and smash it, then he'd grab handfuls of clothespins and scatter them, yelling, "GODDAMN KIKE! KILL ALL THE KIKES! THE ONLY GOOD JEW IS A DEAD JEW!" The crowd stood watching apathetically.

The crowd's passiveness and the helplessness of the old Jew were too much for Rick. He pushed his way forward and just stood indecisively for a moment. Then his fist shot out of the crowd, and the drunk went down, flat on his back, his head thudding on the asphalt. A cheer went up from the crowd

and they began to disperse, many thanking him warmly, shaking his hand. Why had no one acted, he wondered, until he had arrived on the scene? A trifle dazed by it all, Rick grabbed Frankie's arm and said, "Let's get the hell out of here!" He couldn't consider decking a drunk an act of heroism. The drunk finally picked himself up and stumbled off, blood trickling down his chin.

"Did you lose your wristwatch?" a middle-aged woman onlooker asked Rick.

He thought this a peculiar question, but for the first time he noticed that his watch was missing. It had flown off his wrist with the force of the blow.

"How did you know that?" he asked in bewilderment.

"Well," she replied, wreathed in smiles, "everybody figured it must belong to the brave young man who knocked out the drunk. If you go to the shoe store across the street, they're holding it for you. Good luck!" she cried emotionally as he and Frankie left.

At the shoe store, when he announced that he'd come for his watch, he was welcomed effusively by the bald Jewish owner.

"A regular war hero!" raved the man, throwing his hands up. "Fighting Hitler right here at home! You oughta get a decoration, at least!" He pumped Rick's hand vigorously.

Rick thanked him and left. They

returned to Frankie's apartment on Waverly Place, where Rick downed in quick succession two shot glasses of Vat 69, which Frankie always had around the house. He was finishing a third when he turned to catch Frankie undressing. His head swam as he gaped at her removing her frilly panties and pink bra. The force of all his conflicting emotions went straight to his penis: He got an instant hard-on.

"Honey, that was a mighty *fine* thing you done down there on Eighth Street," drawled Frankie in her mock country accent, which she turned on when she was pleased or horny or both. "A damn mighty fine thing. I'm *real* proud of ya."

"Well, let's just forget it, baby," said Rick.

"*Dahlin'!*" drawled Frankie, taking her whisky straight in one gulp and eyeing him seductively. "I really didn't *know* you were so *strong*. It does something to a woman, hear? I want you to know that I got a big thrill seein' you defend that poor little old Jewish man."

Frankie's eyes were shining. She spoke in earnest and looked at him in a way he had never seen before. Until then, he was embarrassed and angry at the whole disgusting spectacle, but now he felt a quick wave of pride. He knew what it was like to be admired for being strong, for being a hero. It warmed him, just like the whisky; it heated his blood and made him feel good, very good. For once he did not have to apologize for not wearing a uniform.

He took another slug of whisky, lit another Lucky Strike, which he'd been chain-smoking since the incident, and blew smoke rings at the cat, who flicked his whiskers slightly. *This cat of hers, thought Rick, has balls. This cat gets into fights every day and comes back tougher than ever. Now I know what it's like, I guess. The big tomcat is boss.*

As Frankie dropped her clothes, Rick grinned. It seemed all right, somehow, the nude woman, the booze, the cat, the fight between good and evil, the war, even the war. *Ah God, he thought, I'm drunk. How can the war be good? I mean, I can't stop the stinking war, so I might as well enjoy what I'm doing, right?*

"Baby, you look fantastic!" exclaimed Rick, stubbing out the Lucky and removing his sweaty shirt and undershirt. "Good enough to *eat!*"

He dropped his tan chino pants, his erection sticking straight out under his white boxer shorts. It was almost painful—his penis and balls ached with his need for her. The tension of the day had knotted up in his genitals. He wanted to uncoil like a tight spring. . . .

Rick's tension mounted as he strode over to Muscle Beach, the weight-train-

ing compound where muscle-jocks worked out between the boardwalk and the beach itself. It looked precisely like a boxing ring, but instead of ropes it had iron rails on three sides of the rectangle. A shed for the equipment, which was always getting ripped off, made up the fourth side. It was run by the city's recreation department, and on Sundays and holidays it drew a big crowd of admirers as well as the usual scoffers whose masculinity was threatened by the sight of men developing huge muscles as a way of life. Rick knew that

She gripped his back as he fucked with slow, deep strokes.

these sneering, defensive guys were secretly envious and had to believe that the muscleheads were all fags or hopelessly impotent or both. But these assumptions were idiotic. Rick had lived long enough to quit generalizing about people and their sexual proclivities. Take himself, for example. He had tried all kinds of women, hundreds of them over the years. He had always been an eye-catching man, so he'd seen a lot of action. But he quickly tired of his conquests and, like a true Don Juan, found himself alone much of the time.

But today he keenly felt the negative side of his life-style. He could not keep his body forever and, although he lived on money saved from various jobs, he was far from well off. He needed security. He wanted to settle down with a young girl—and the type that perfectly suited his fantasies was Marlene, the stand-in for Frankie of 25 years ago. Was he slipping fast, becoming a ding-a-ling, an asshole? He had said a few words to her for about five minutes, but, because of her uncanny resemblance to a dead woman, he spun a crazy web of sexual and marital bliss like a daydreaming teenager getting his rocks off in thin air!

As she stood there naked, Rick got down on his knees and fastened his mouth to her pussy. *What a honeypot!* he exulted, *my very own teenage blonde with rosy bosoms and wet cunt lips!* His mouth stayed clamped to that warm, pink flesh with the fine golden hairs, his painful erection tearing through his shorts as he sucked and licked her clitoris with lipsmacking relish. She seized his black

hair in both hands and uttered a little scream, more like a meow, as she forced her crotch forward and bent back at the waist. He got to his feet and lifted her in his arms like a doll, placing her gently on the old four-poster. Then he slipped out of his shorts. She gaped at his incredible hard-on and athletic legs and put her arms out toward him like a child. He got on top of her and slowly stuck his penis into her sizzling wet cunt as far as it could go.

At last! he thought excitedly as she twisted and trembled under him. She responded with a passion that he had never before been able to arouse in her. As he fucked with slow, deep strokes, she gripped his back fiercely, clawing his skin and breaking it in places, causing the blood to flow. The pain excited him even more. *A hero, that's what I am! Christ, it feels good!* He banged her with his rock-hard prick that seemed to soften her, to break her down. She opened like a yielding slave, her soft white legs locking around the small of his back, the inside of her knees pressing against his waist muscles, against his olive skin as if to rub it off on her. She whimpered, actually moving her hips up and down, up and down, synchronizing her movements with his until, for the first time, they climaxed together.

His head whirled as he rolled off to pee and then towel himself dry. When his feet hit the floor and his legs wobbled, he knew he was drunk. Frankie lay on the four-poster, watching him with swimming eyes. *For chrissakes, he thought, this doesn't make sense. Knocking out a bully with one punch has changed my life!*

When he returned to the bedroom, she was sitting up, drinking. The Vat 69 was half empty.

"Hello, *dahlin'*," she drawled, "have a drinkie."

He took a swig and lit a cigarette.

"Let's screw, mah finger's tired," she said.

"*Wha-at?!*"

"L.S./M.F.T.," she said. "Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco. Let's screw, et cetera."

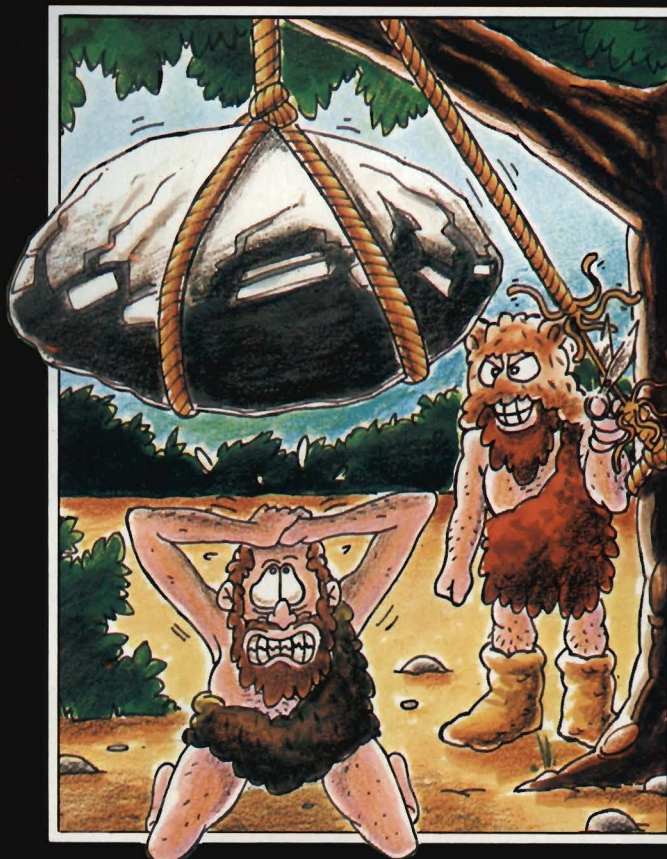
A kid joke. But that's what they were, just kids. *The war was too goddamn much for them, he thought drunkenly, they were forgetting to be young.* He jumped into bed beside her and, as the evening passed, they got wildly, hilariously drunk, singing at the top of their voices and dancing nude for hours on the carpeted floor, watched only by the cat. They lost track of time, and the bottle was empty. A kind of late-night stupor overcame them as alcohol and fatigue hit their nerves. From a great distance he heard her singing a long, crazy song, part of which she

(continued on page 97)

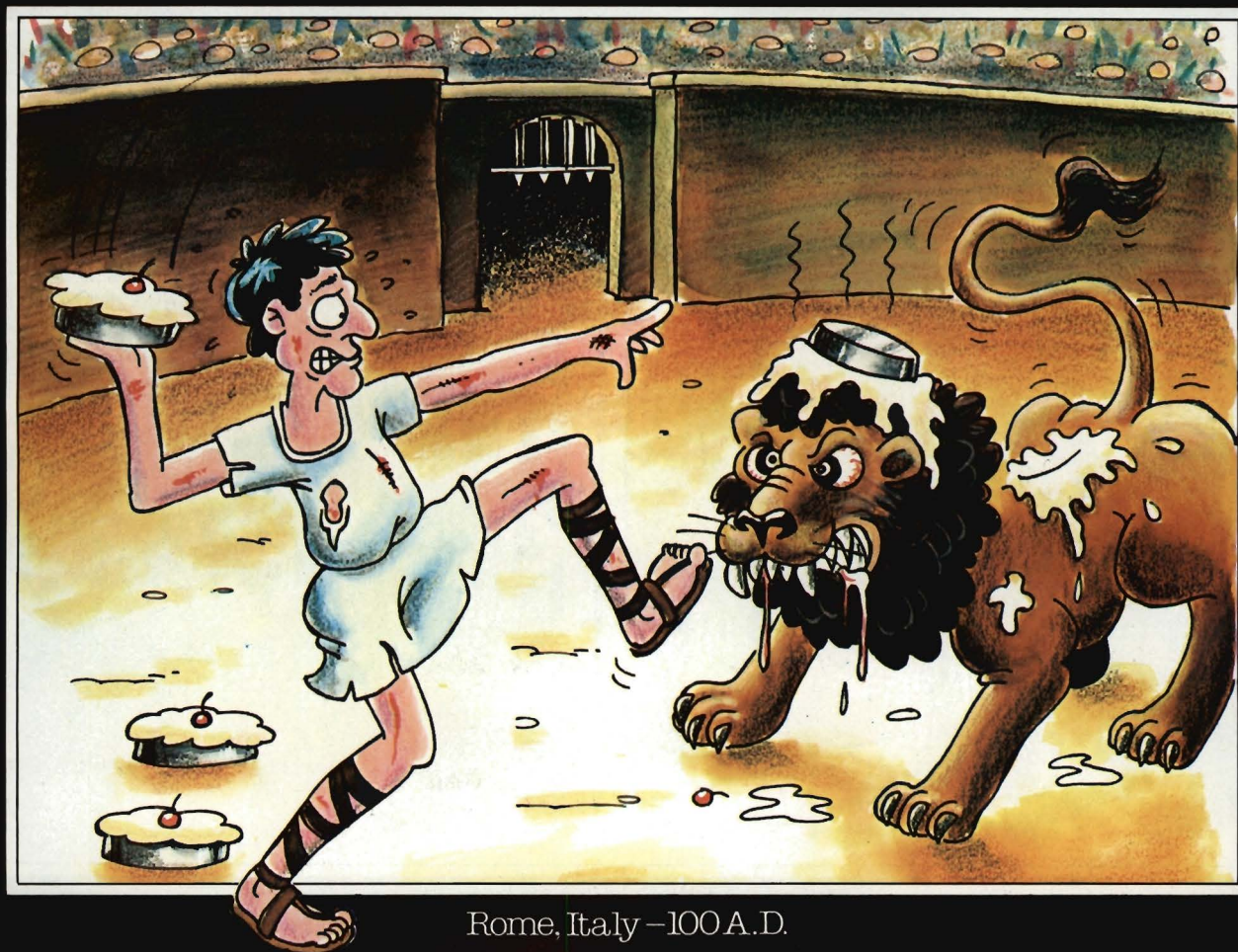
These'll kill you

Illustrated by
Dan Collins

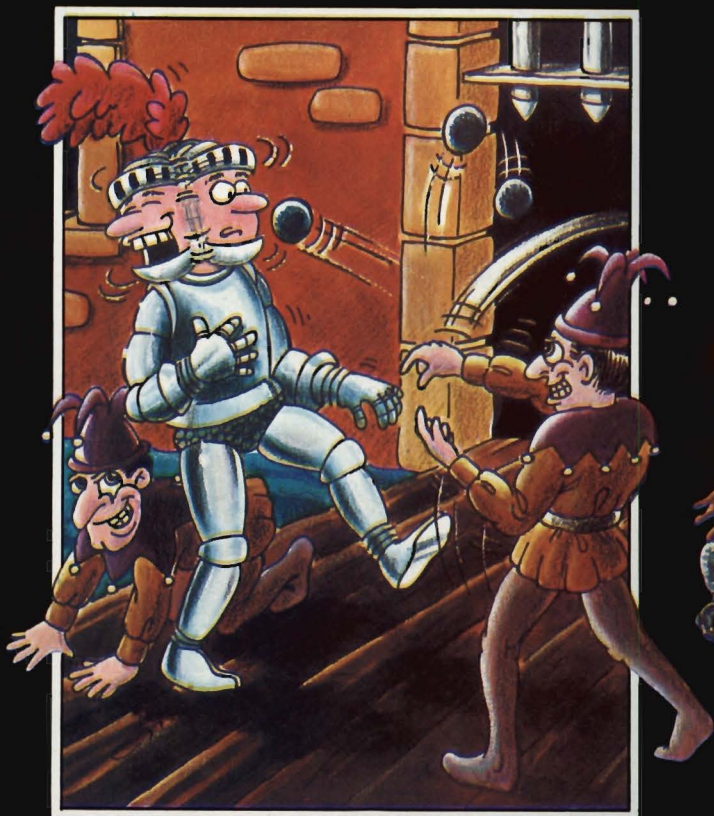
Are you the type of person who would bring a whoopee cushion to a wake? Or laugh hysterically at dead baby jokes? Or take a blind girl to a silent movie? If you are, then you're bound to enjoy this illustrated history of little-known methods of putting criminals—and people who just happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time—to death. We called on cartoonist Dan Collins to execute the assignment, and he did a capital job. So if black humor is your cup of arsenic, these'll kill you.



Somewhere in France—200,000 B.C.



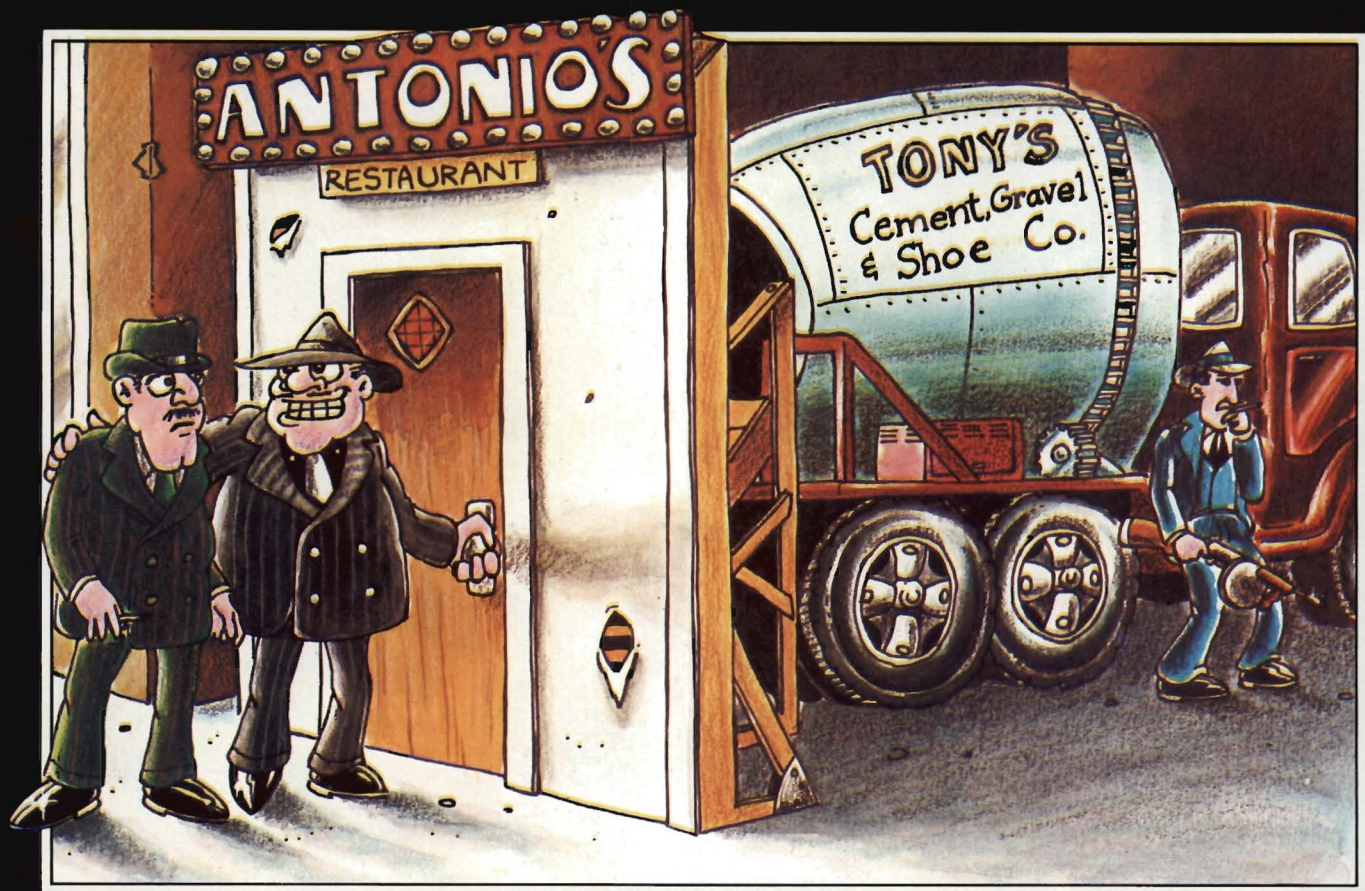
Rome, Italy—100 A.D.



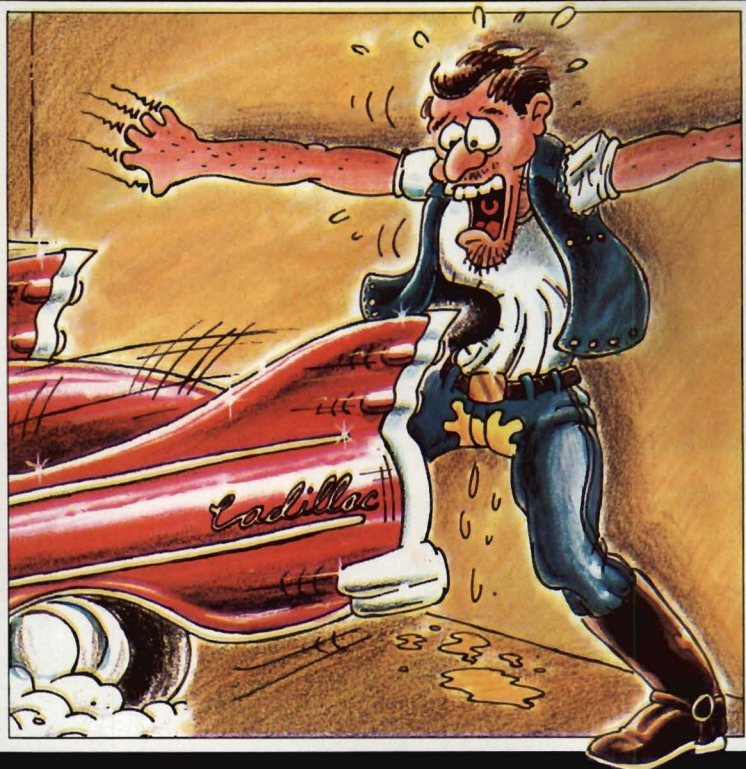
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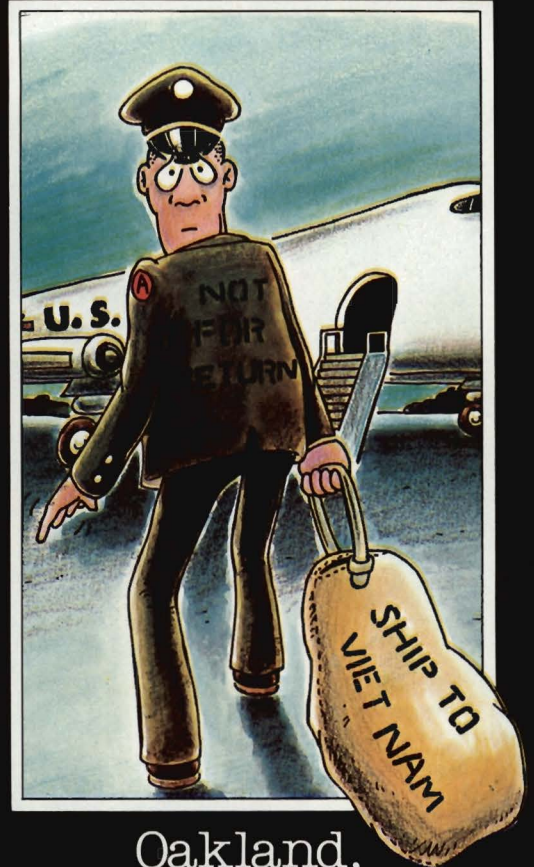
Plains, Georgia—1840



Chicago, Illinois—1926



Detroit, Michigan—1959



Oakland, California—1968



Warsaw, Poland—1977



A woman with dark hair and bangs is lying on her back on a light-colored, textured surface, possibly a stone wall or a bed. She is looking up towards the camera with a slight smile. Her arms are raised above her head. The lighting is warm and golden, suggesting late afternoon or early morning. The background is a blurred stone wall.


Frederique

Fashion Plate

Frederique is a fashion designer whose sensuous frocks have earned her enough to maintain a mansion in her native Bahamas, but she never forgets her peasant roots. As a poor girl in the islands, she longed for fancy clothes and dreamed about what she could wear if she could afford it.

She also learned a lesson about sex in her early years. Although she wanted the pleasure badly, she held back because she'd seen that nothing lay ahead for girls who got pregnant by the island men. Instead, she studied her craft and selected her lovers from the few men in the fashion world who aren't queer.



A close-up, artistic photograph of a woman. She is wearing a light blue, ruffled, off-the-shoulder top. Her hair is dark and voluminous, with a large green leaf tucked into it. She is looking down and to the left. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and deep shadows. The background is dark and indistinct.

Frederique admits that it sometimes gets lonely at the mansion, but there are sophisticated Frenchmen—businessmen, artists and especially photographers—who stop by to see her whenever they visit the Caribbean. Frederique claims she will never have an island man in her house, because only the best is good enough for her.





CB Riots

(continued from page 40)

stand the shock.

By mid-month, gasoline was strictly rationed at \$1.27 a gallon. America's long-haul truckers, repeating their actions of several years earlier, began a nationwide effort to shut down the country's highways until the government could guarantee them the fuel vital to their work. The truckers' strike, coordinated over CB radios, was so effective that two days after it started, virtually every major artery was completely devoid of traffic. A kind of guerrilla warfare broke out in Indiana and Ohio as the highway patrol, attempting to remove the 18-wheelers that were lined up as barricades across the interstates, found themselves under attack from long-haulers armed with high-powered rifles.

However, unlike the truckers' strike of 1974, there were millions of CB-equipped car drivers on the road who were sympathetic to the strike and who began to work in unison with the 18-wheelers. On February 11, the ICBA formally endorsed the goals of the truckers' strike and called upon all members to lend any necessary support. Immediately, word went out on the CB grapevine to begin traffic-slowng drives during rush hour in America's major cities.

At about the same time as the ICBA's endorsement of the highway shutdown, protests started to move from the streets into the plants and factories of industries whose production was related to the flow of oil. Because of the energy crisis, the sale of automobiles plummeted to one-tenth the level of several months earlier, and the Big Three announced that they would temporarily halt production in all of their facilities beginning February 18. Militant young autoworkers, hearing rumors that the shutdowns might last up to half a year, decided to resist the layoffs. On the 17th, a wildcat strike hit the GM plant in Flint, Michigan. The strike, reminiscent of the labor battles of the 30s, developed into a lockout of management, when workers decided not to leave the facility. Immediately after the factory was seized, a 10-33 call went out from the plant over CB radio, requesting emergency assistance from ICBA members in the area. Within 30 minutes, about 800 cars and pickups, serving as a buffer against the authorities, jammed the gate of the plant.

As word of the action spread throughout the CB network, similar

wildcat strikes and lockouts of management, many initiated by ICBA members who served as communications coordinators, broke out in other auto factories. Soon, workers in other industries devastated by the energy crisis—from rubber to steel—followed the lead of the Flint workers. The National Guard was ordered out in Michigan to restore order, but their movement was hampered by the state's truck strike, and their battle plans were intercepted on

If the government won't stop the crisis, we'll stop the government.

the scanners of CBers. Their efforts proved largely ineffective.

With the nation's highways unusable, and major industry grinding to a halt, there were shortages of all goods. In several cities that had gone bankrupt because of the financial crisis—St. Louis and Pittsburgh being the most extreme examples—all semblance of law and order broke down. The police, who had not been paid in a month, simply refused to enforce the laws. Sanitation workers turned their trucks into urban tanks, blocking off wealthy parts of several cities, literally holding their inhabitants hostage until their demands for back pay were met. In Newark, an "energy riot" swept through the city when a protest against the lack of fuel oil and food turned into a spree of looting and burning.

Finally, on March 1, the ICBA took the lead in calling a meeting of protest leaders from around the country, principally composed of representatives from the Unemployed Workers Council and a new organization, the Trade Unionists for Democracy (TUD). TUD—comprising dissident labor leaders from the steelworkers, autoworkers, rubber workers, state, county and municipal employees, and oil and chemical workers—had been the motivating force behind many of the


wildcat strikes and factory takeovers. The 79-year-old leader of the AFL-CIO had denounced them and ordered them purged from the nation's labor body, saying, "These communist-inspired elements within the trade union movement are attempting to destroy the great advances made by organized labor."

Together, the groups attending that March meeting made up a powerful political force in the country: the Unemployed Workers Council, representing what was now estimated as upwards of two million jobless Americans; TUD, composed of labor leaders from some of the nation's largest unions; and ICBA, with a membership of over 500,000 now and the capacity to reach 30 million people over their CB radios.

In a joint public statement following the conclusion of three days of meetings among the groups, a "United Declaration of Economic Independence" was issued. The declaration was a sweeping denunciation of America's giant corporations in general (for their massive layoffs) and the oil companies in particular (for profiteering during the energy crisis and refusing to increase domestic production of oil). It ended with a dramatic call for a three-day general strike to begin on April 17. The final words of the document—"If the government won't stop the economic crisis, then we will stop the government"—sounded ominously militant.

As the date of the strike neared, the government stepped up its harassment of demonstration leaders. The most dramatic attempt to frustrate the goals of the protests came just one week ago. On April 12, the head of the FBI announced that 18 leaders of the ICBA, TUD, Unemployed Workers Council and several other militant organizations had been placed under arrest on charges of "criminal syndicalism," a forgotten law from the 1930s that gave the president sweeping powers in times of emergency.

And that is where it stands right now. The arrests, of course, did not halt the protests; they helped to build them to their present size. Tomorrow's demonstration in Washington will be just one of dozens taking place throughout the country. The general strike, which had been seen as a three-day slowdown to bring pressure on the government, has now become so all-encompassing that there is no end in sight. Only the most extreme measures on the part of officials can reverse the process now.

The ICBA, which has been in the forefront of these recent events, senses that it has reached that ultimate moment when it is all or nothing. There will be no compromise with government from now on. And, good buddy, you'd better believe that's a big 10-4. 

PAPER TRIP

(continued from page 53)

man's Social Security number into a federal computer and chances are you'll get a readout of his sexual habits, credit standing, work history and a lot of unconfirmed, half-baked gossip. What business is it of the IRS or the FBI whom you sleep with or what medical bills you have?

"What about the government monitoring the publications that people subscribe to? What about federal agents infiltrating legal political parties? What about the White House using tax records to harass journalists and political rivals? Sure, I sell people information that can be used to rip off store owners. It can also be used to hopelessly confuse Uncle Sam's computerized bloodhounds. If the government is going to become less accountable to the people, then the people will become less accountable to the government. You can't keep a man under your thumb if you can't find him."

The final report of Muchow's Federal Advisory Committee was issued in November 1976. The 800-page document is obviously the product of men who are worried about the right-to-privacy flap that will accompany any attempts to crack down on false-ID use. Six months before the report was issued in its final form, the committee members announced to the press that they had rejected consideration of a national ID card, admitting that the voters would never stand for it. Committee members made overtures to civil liberties groups, among them the American Civil Liberties Union, in an attempt to find liberal support for the recommendations that were about to be made. They found none.

The committee's five key proposals were:

- (1) State-issued standard application forms, to be filled out by anyone requesting a copy of a birth certificate. Anyone applying for a birth certificate would be required to answer questions on personal history that could be known only to the person named on the certificate.
- (2) Cross-indexing of birth and death certificates to halt the paper-trip method of applying for a dead person's certificate as the cornerstone of a new identity.
- (3) Limiting public access to birth and death records.

- (4) More technological security devices for business: fingerprint machines, voice analyzers, photographs and even body-measuring devices.
- (5) Federal legislation that would make the use of an alias illegal for anyone but a police officer. The ban would include possession of false ID papers.

Muchow believes that these and other equally tough-minded measures are necessary on the part of state governments. He argues that the only possible interpretation of the right to privacy is the right to security against false ID. Of course, very few, if any, paper-trippers assume the name of a living person, and so at least part of Muchow's concern is for protecting the "privacy" of the dead. But he says, and quite rightly, that the countermeasures against false ID that will be imposed upon everyone are in themselves an invasion of privacy. Oddly enough, the report makes no mention of the government's invasion of a citizen's right to privacy. Furthermore, the report assumes that private businesses will be more discreet in making credit reports than anyone has ever known them to be.

Barry Reid makes a point of keeping track of the committee's doings, and I talked to him a few days after the final report was released. "It doesn't mean a thing," he said confidently. "For one thing, there are over 7000 birth and

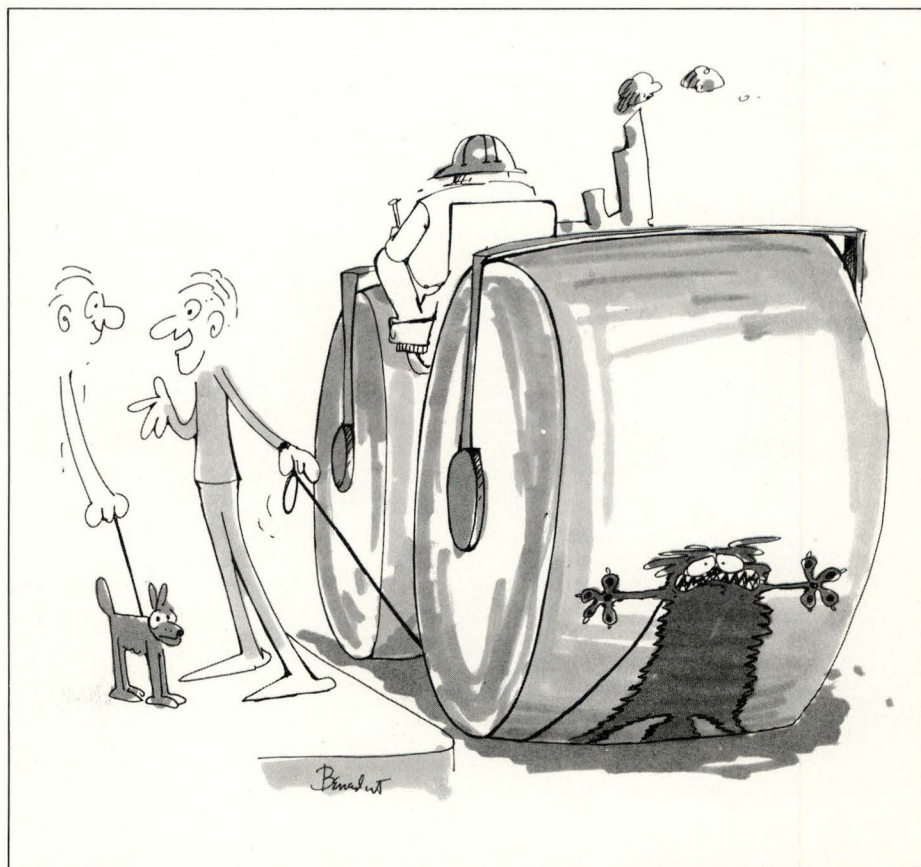
death certificate registries in this country. To stop the traffic in false ID you'd have to adopt all of the measures the committee wants in each of the 50 states. Do you know what kind of an expense and political hassle we're talking about? And if just one of those registrars doesn't feel like cooperating, believe me, the word will get out. That would send all the committee's time and money straight down the toilet.

"Private companies would have to spend much more on security devices than they do now, and credit would become much tighter. The corporations don't like losing their money to paper-trippers, but they'd like large-scale credit-sales slumps a lot less. This country is founded on credit. Fewer people buying on credit will fuck up the economy. And don't forget that most of a company's losses through false-ID fraud are recoverable under the current tax structure. But there's no way the IRS will reimburse corporations for all that lost credit business."

It's obvious that Reid feels he has the feds by the balls. He seems to get a big kick out of the phony-ID report. "Did you notice how the committee quoted a couple of pages from *The Paper Trip*?" he asked. I said that I had noticed.

"Now isn't that a hell of a thing?" he laughed. "Maybe Uncle Sam is trying to horn in on Eden's business."

Strange, but true. The report contains all of the information *The Paper Trip*



does, and more. There's even a sort of checklist for the con man shopping for a corporation to rip off. Probably the only thing to recommend buying your false-ID info from Reid rather than the government is that his writing style is less dreary.

Not that the federal report is without its highlights. Consider the case of the man who bilked the Internal Revenue Service out of \$565,000. He was working for the IRS under an assumed identity at the time. The same section of the federal report goes on to note that one credit card company's false-ID case load has increased by 673 percent in the last two years. Ending on an optimistic note, the agent in charge of fraud applications for that company boasted that it had been able to restrict losses due to bogus ID to an average of only \$405 per case. But even at those rates, all is not sweetness and light.

As that segment of the report makes clear, prosecuting a paper-tripper is as difficult as catching one. Banks and postal authorities are usually uncooperative. Most banks are embarrassed to admit they've been stung.

Postal inspectors, anxious to hold on to their reputation as the smartest cops in the government, are uneasy about taking on false-ID-related frauds. Experience has shown them that the criminal usually has enough savvy to use mail drops and keep moving, a process that makes him very difficult to track down.

Included in Eden Press publications are helpful hints about mail drops, foreign banks and the avoidance of prosecution. "Partners in crime!" Reid crows. "As the old operator says, you can't cheat an honest man. You can't operate big-time swindles without the help of the government either. The biggest marks around are the feds and the big corporations, Uncle Sam's cherished children. The ones we support under our grossly unfair tax structure."

"Sounds like you're talking Robin Hood stuff. Rob from the rich..." I said. "And keep it!" Reid broke in. "No, Robin Hood was always accountable for his actions. He never hid behind an alias. Today, things are different. All the dirty work is done by people hiding behind the alias of a corporation. What is a corporation, after all? A fictional person under the law, created to take the rap if the shit hits the fan. Now tell me, how is that different from paper-tripping? That's why the big boys don't like Eden Press. We put people on equal footing with corporations."

Considering that corporations and companies are more apt to dodge payment than individuals, Reid's analogy may not be as farfetched as it sounds. If someone wants to use false ID for swindling, the new driver's license issued in a phony name can be as valuable a tool as a high-sounding title on a corporate letterhead. Many con men form corporations with no other purpose than to buy

merchandise on credit, sell it out the back door and then declare bankruptcy.

The only difference between these two kinds of theft is that the corporate kind is more or less legal, and the one-man, rubber-check swindle isn't. The "businessman" will simply wait for his creditors to try to collect their money and then take a dive. The paper-tripper will have laid a phony name and address on his victim, and by the time the collection agency shows up (usually not before 90 days), the tripper will be long gone.

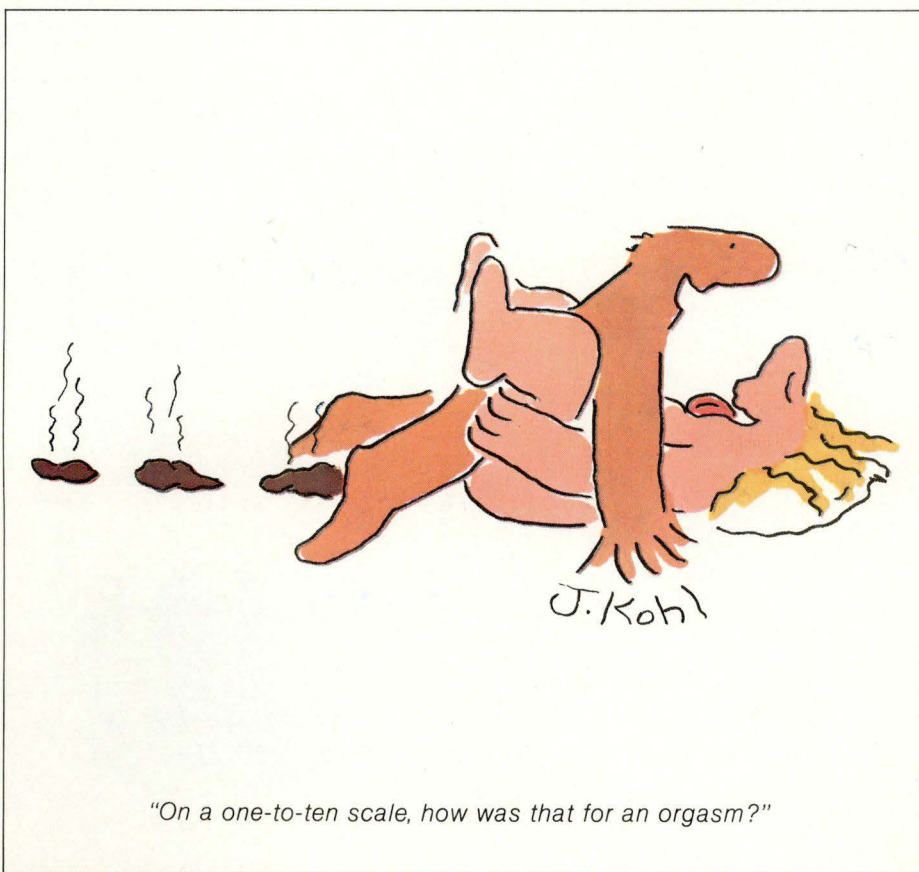
When I began to realize the possibilities of the false-ID hit-and-run rip-off, my mouth watered a bit in spite of myself. The amateur paper-tripper usually goes after luxury items, something portable and under \$1000. Color TVs, all kinds of electronic gear, jewelry, guns and clothing are the most popular targets.

These larcenous amateurs don't know enough to take even the most basic precautions, like making "purchases" all at one time before cops or security people blow the whistle. The people who get arrested for passing rubber checks are mostly the ones who get carried away with the apparent ease of preying upon unsuspecting store owners.

To satisfy myself that this kind of legalized shoplifting is as easy as I've heard it is, I went on a little shopping expedition. In one afternoon, using my driver's license for credit applications, I could have carried away over \$3750 worth of merchandise. If I had taken the two or three hours necessary to get a fake driver's license in this state, I would now be the proud owner of: a Smith & Wesson .44 magnum revolver, a case of Chivas Regal, a Pierre Cardin suit, a Leica camera, several expensive watches and a Sony Trinitron color portable.


Furthermore, I could have easily gotten an airline ticket to anywhere in the U. S., free medical and dental treatment, a session at the local massage parlor and an elaborate dinner for six at the most expensive restaurant in town. In every case, a driver's license and a rubber check would have sent me on my way a little richer and a little less cautious. With the right paper and a token \$100 or so in the bank, there's no limit to what one can steal in this cashless society. But remember, this is strictly small potatoes.

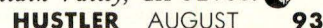
There is a sharp distinction between small-scale check-passing games and full-scale embezzlement. There are so many options available in bank and check fraud alone that Reid has devoted a whole book to the subject. Written by an operator named Hot Ralph, *The Check Book* is filled with instructions for bank-theft schemes of all kinds, and the common denominator of them all is false



Not that you have to monkey with computers to bag a million with phony ID. With a little theatrical flair and the trust of his marks, a swindler can do just as well. You'd be surprised to know that

There is, for example, a plot wherein a con man sets himself up in practice as a medical doctor. In a rare burst of ethics, *The Fraud Report's* author advises bogus doctors to work just the diseases that can be treated with medication and to refer all others to surgeons and specialists. We aren't told where the con man is supposed to pick up the necessary expertise to decide who gets what. The implication is that it doesn't much matter. In a chilling little aside, the author says that this scheme

Barry Reid's The Paper Trip is available for \$12.95 from Eden Press, P. O. Box 8410, Fountain Valley, CA 92708. 



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HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS

(continued from page 70)

She agreed.

My furtive little plan was to get her high in my car, grab her—to establish that she wasn't a female impersonator—and then whisk her to my place. Previously, we had been exchanging views on various topics, but as she got high, Linda started opening up. She told me that she lived at the far end of the Jersey shore and was in town to attend her ten-year high school reunion. I thought nothing of this and persevered with my plan. She opened her mouth when I laid a tonguey smooch on her, but when I escalated things by reaching for her nearest breast, she winced. *What now?* I wondered, as she curled from my hand.

"I'm sorry, my breasts are sore. I've got a four-month-old daughter and I'm breast-feeding her."

Why me? I silently whined while waiting for her to continue.

"Maybe I should have told you. I'm an unwed mother . . ."

My heart sank as she unfurled her story—sees some guy for three years, gets pregnant, it doesn't work out between them, she decides to have the kid anyway, and finally: "I haven't been to bed with a man in almost a year, and I'm just

not ready to get involved again."

"Who said anything about getting involved?" I started to reason, but the expression on her face told me it was pointless.

I lit another joint and listened to her story. Without being asked, she gave me her phone number in Jersey. After wishing each other luck in our respective projects—writing and child rearing—we parted. I exited like a "gentleman"—blue balls and all.

I awoke the next morning and took inventory. Since I'd started this project, I had suffered through two hangovers, developed a moderately aching set of nuts and picked up a phone number on the Jersey shore—a place that I hadn't visited in 10 years and didn't intend to visit for at least the next 20. On the other hand, certain aspects of the previous night's non-event interested me. Linda kept telling me how "nice" I was. Now I *know* I'm not a nice guy, which means, among other things, that I had pulled off the illusion of niceness according to procedure. It was another principle the books had taught me, like "ingratiation," which proved to be a waste of time when put into practice. I began to suspect that the books' methods were actually a hindrance and that I would be better off meeting women by airing my deranged, but very real, personality. I also noticed that by simply *doing it*, I was beginning to enjoy the cruising scene; I couldn't wait to try

again. But this time I decided to forsake the suburbs and get back into the complex and neurotic world of city people.

For the next attack, I tried the buddy system. More often than not, girls go cruising in pairs. I called up a friend and asked him to meet me at P. J. Clarkes, a celebrity/celebrity-watcher bar on Third Avenue in New York.

Clarkes is an insane scene. During the lunch hour the back room is packed with the famous. The bar is twice as packed with the upwardly mobile, who cheerfully stand while eating cheesburgers under the most uncomfortable conditions—just for the sake of eating them at Clarkes. In the evening it's even crazier. The same people pour in, after a day of constraint and terminal reality spent in an office, for the relief of getting drunk elbow-to-elbow with one another. It also happens to be a good pickup bar.

I met my friend there at the height of the rush hour—seven o'clock. The bar was lit up like an operating room. It took an effort just to wedge ourselves into position to get a drink. Every time someone tried to leave, it caused a reverberating ripple of movement through the rest of us. Conversation was limited to those who surrounded us, which still left us with about a dozen people. Our only shot was two girls sitting in front of us at the bar. One was big, busty and looked like she could take me in arm wrestling two falls out of three. The



"OK, who gets the dark meat?"

A LOOK AT THE PICKUP BOOKS

(continued from page 70)

uses everything short of diagrams to paint the picture. For instance, he not only approves of certain drugs—like grass—but also tells us how to buy and use them. His book is the most egocentric of the four, and his straight-from-the-shoulder, full-speed-ahead bravado becomes a little tedious, to say the least. Nevertheless, amidst all the self-love and dogmatic detail, there emerges a *real* personality, rendering this book easier to read. And some of the information could prove useful to the *novice* cocksman.

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS! by Eric Weber, Symphony Press, Inc., \$7.95

This book is the first published, shortest (110 pages) and least sophisticated of those surveyed. All things considered, it is also the best. Weber published this book at his own expense in 1970 with an initial printing of 5000 copies. Since then, his sales totals to date number some 200,000 for the hardcover at \$7.95 a crack. A Bantam paperback has sold half a million copies, with a revised edition soon to be released. The reason for Weber's success seems to be his style, which keeps his ego out of it while offering sympathetic pointers in country-simple prose. Consequently, anyone who can read can also follow Weber's commonsense advice.

Weber, himself, is far from being a backwater type. He is a vice-president at Young & Rubicam, a large New York advertising agency. His original venture has mushroomed into seven other books, as well as a staff and office building in his hometown of Tenafly, New Jersey. This background is revealed in the book's style, which contains a certain amount of ad-agency hype.

Weber's book may be written in a simplistic style, but he is not above caginess or out-and-out shamelessness for that matter. He notes that young chicks like to take part in causes, so we should "march in a peace demonstration even if you're secretly for war." He tells us to be friendly and gracious when approaching women, "even if you're not a nice guy to begin with."

Some of his pointers are subtle differentiations. After assuring us of the importance of compliments, he advises us not to tell a woman she is beautiful unless she *is* beautiful. Tell her that she is pretty, since this is easier for a woman to accept as truth.

Like Conner, Weber emphasizes courage and attitude as the most crucial factors in meeting women. And it takes *plenty of guts* to use some of his *Fifty Great Opening Lines*:

"Hi."

"Do you have an aspirin?" (Women love to mother men.)

"You're a Pisces, aren't you?"

Weber has intelligently restrained his ego in this book and accurately gauged his market—the naive novice and the average, timid guy—which is probably why he's been so successful.



other, although she had a gangbusting body, also had a goofy smile. Every time she flashed those teeth, it made her look as if she had just been severely pummeled with a baseball bat.

We looked at the girls, looked at each other, and shrugged. Just then, a huge mountain of a man with a crapulous drinker's face steamrolled his way past us, moving into a position to the left of the girls. The baseball babe sat half facing us and waited for someone to say something, as her girlfriend, sensing a kindred spirit, started talking to the mountain man.

"Cozy in here, isn't it?" I said, as two exiting people propelled me into her left tit. She ignored this and asked rather inanely, "Are you an actor?"

"He's a pornographer," my friend advised.

"He's always trying to embellish my image," I added.

"You look like Dustin Hoffman," she persisted.

"But I don't *like* Dustin Hoffman," I answered truthfully, thus breaking at least one cardinal rule from each of the four books.

Meanwhile, the mountain man, while leaning heavily on the bar, was rooting around inside his overcoat pocket for a pen to write down the busty chick's number. Once this was accomplished, he wisely shuffled out of the bar, proba-

bly realizing that he was about to fall on his face. The chick, who wasn't too sober herself, turned toward us and said, "That guy told me he likes to suck and fuck and eat pussy."

"He must have a way with words," I astutely observed.

"Welcome to the club," my friend shouted out toward the street.

There followed a conversation filled with sexual banter, but no indication from the girls that they would be willing to leave with us. They were the type of banal and insecure chicks who couldn't conceive of men wanting anything but sex from them and who expected us to perform while getting shit-faced drunk and milking the promise of pussy for all that it was worth. So, when they asked about my sexual preferences, I decided to amuse myself.

"You promise not to laugh if I tell you?" They both nodded impatiently. "Well, give me a nice piece of turtle pussy any day of the week," I said. "Galapagos, of course—the big mamas. I like to just grab them by the hind paws and do 'the iguana.'" At this point, I simulated the act of cunnilingus as I imagined it would be performed on a large turtle. Neither chick took a swing at me, so I continued. "Naturally, because of my fetish, I have to hang around a lot of zoos. Fact is, I've hit most of the zoos on the East Coast—you

know the Bronx Zoo? Well, they've got my mug shot hanging in the Reptile House—they'd arrest me on sight."

The baseball chick seemed unsure as to whether I was serious. She asked, "Why?"

"It's mostly because of pressure applied by the ASPCA. They seem to think that my attentions cause emotional distress in the turtles . . . so now I buy the turtles direct from a mail-order house in Hollywood. They're not your good, high-grade turtle pussies, but when I get tired of them, each one makes a three-month supply of soup."

When I grew tired of this nonsense, I asked them again if they wanted to leave with us and party. "Maybe later," they said, indicating they wanted to drink some more.

"We have to leave *now*," my friend countered, while reaching for the busty chick, kissing her and fondling one of her breasts. "How about a quick 69 on the bar before we leave?" my friend asked in response to my turtle story. I loved it, but the chicks were becoming afraid of us. We said goodbye, checked out the rest of the bar crowd (it was thinning out) and left for what we hoped were greener pastures.

We left Clarkes feeling had. Intuitively, both of us had sensed from the beginning that we were barking up the wrong tree with those two girls. We had persisted because I wanted to try another piece of advice from the books: tenacity—*wear them down with persistence*. Like everything else I got out of the books, it just didn't work.

We decided on a place called the Lower Manhattan Ocean Club, a bar rather too hiply tucked away on Chambers Street in the financial district. The Ocean Club is the latest project of the founder of Max's Kansas City, which was, for years, a popular counter-culture bar. The owner would sit at the door and decide on an individual basis who he would allow to hang out in his place. Not that this was any small matter. Some people considered it a coup to be able to run up a large bar bill at Max's. Those denied access would frequently scrawl out their hatred for Max's owner on the men's room walls of neighboring bars.

These bar people were now hanging out at the Ocean Club. The place became, if nothing else, a genuine visual diversion. Dressed in outfits that would make a troop of gypsies look like so many pallbearers, they saunter through the highlight of their day: a midnight entrance at the Ocean Club. However, mixed in among all the flash and filigree were many real people.

Because of its newness and location,

there was never any problem getting into this place. When we arrived, there was still some room left at the bar. At this point, just thinking about the pickup books put me in a sullen mood. I was convinced that the best shot was to air *my own* personality (for better or for worse). An opportunity soon presented itself in the form of two girls who came through the door, eyeballed the premises and came to linger behind us at the bar. There was no communication for several minutes. As they waited for the bartender, we positioned ourselves to be

**Let your
own
personality
filter through,
no matter
how perverse it
might be.**

able to check them out. One was a petite girl who couldn't have weighed a hundred pounds, and the other was a blonde wearing gaucho pants and a bemused expression. My friend struck up a conversation with the little one, and I, feeling a bit antagonistic, asked the blonde if she realized she was smiling. She countered by asking me *the* question that drives me crazy: "Oh, I was just wondering—what's your sign?"

I looked at her and wondered if she had read one of the "how-to" books.

"The sign of the cross," I answered. She laughed, which surprised me.

"Well, that's what people are talking about," she added apologetically.

"That doesn't mean it's good," was my sullen reply. There was silence, and I thought, *that's that*. But suddenly she leaned forward and whispered, "I bet you're a writer."

"How can you tell?"

She leaned even closer and whispered again, "Because of the way you're dressed and because you're so uptight." She was grinning now and I noticed she had a slight cast in one eye.

"Actually, I'm a pickpocket. I work the elevator over at the Lighthouse for the Blind. And you, you're probably head librarian over at the Christian Science Reading Room."

"I work with handicapped people."

"I *knew* you were a bleeding-heart, liberal do-gooder—"

"And I *knew* you were troubled."

At least she had a sense of humor. In fact, her cool in the face of my hostility mellowed me down to the point of being civil, and we talked for a while. She mentioned that she had smoked some powerful Hawaiian weed before going out and joked that it was giving her hallucinations of a lake in the vicinity of the dining room.


"I know where there's a nice lake," I volunteered. It's about forty miles from here. If I can find a bottle of brandy and if you drive, we can go there."

"Oh, I don't know. We have to work in the morning."

The four of us compromised by piling into my friend's car and driving around Manhattan in sort of a rolling group therapy session, which included some Hawaiian grass, brandy and a great deal of undignified behavior. Eventually, we drove the girls home and Susan and I exchanged phone numbers. She wanted mine, so I gave it to her in recognition of her low-key feminism. I expect to see her again.

At this point, I feel that if I wanted to I could head into a bar at any time and take my best shot at a chick. It seems to me that picking up girls is like any other endeavor—a mushrooming proposition: The more you try, the easier it gets. The trick, if any, is to *try*. Trying is determined by *your state of mind*. Anything that can solidify your determination is of value, which is where the books *might* help. Hypothetically, we should all be able to control our minds and con ourselves into believing that we can attain whatever we want. But realistically speaking, most of us need some encouragement. *If this pep talk can be absorbed from the written page, then these books are worth the price.*

Otherwise, they are unnecessary. Personally, I found the best method was simply to be myself and forget all the horseshit, doubletalk and lounge lizard lies that the books recommend. At best, the subterfuge will net you a quick piece of ass, but if you feel no affinity toward the girl, then balling that piece of ass is no better than fucking a vacuum cleaner or a mail-order blow-up doll. Let your own personality filter through, no matter how pathological or perverse it might be. Then, at least you will attract a like-minded woman who won't make you groan with self-loathing when you wake up next to her in the morning.

This is all elementary common sense, but in the confusion of The Ass Struggle, we tend to forget that women, despite their limited viewpoint and complex emotions, are trapped units—as lonely, confused and fucked over by life as we are. 

Goodbye

(continued from page 80)

seemed to repeat over and over again, as if mourning and mocking the absence of her only child, in the care of her parents down South:

*A year ago our baby died
He died committing suicide
We think he died to spite us
Of spinal meningitis
He was a nasty baby anyhow. . .*

"What? What a—weird—insane—song!" he mumbled thickly.

"Yeah . . . sure is. . ."

Her voice came from afar. Her hair fell bedraggled into her bleary eyes and she huddled in the fetal position, slumped forward. Then she began muttering something in a blurred voice, over and over, like a child's chant.

Her speech was so slurred and indistinct that he couldn't make out the words. When he finally did, he recognized them and froze stiff with horror.

The rats are underneath the piles.

The jew is underneath the lot.

She was so smashed that she didn't seem to know he was there. Yet these nasty lines by T. S. Eliot seemed directed at him, to humiliate him. With a quick movement he raised her head and spun her around where she was seated so that she faced him. Then he slapped her hard on the side of the head. She dropped to the floor and passed out. He stood over her uncertainly for a moment, hot tears scalding his eyes. He dressed fumblingly, tugging at socks

and shoelaces, struggling with his pants, shirt and sweater. Then he got out of there in a blind, drunken fury.

As he lurched back to his room on Horatio, near Hudson and Gansevoort, a miserable, cold sleet turning to snow painted the deserted streets in an impressionistic blur, the lamps glowing with a forlorn dimness, perfectly matching his mood in the grim dawn light of winter. The biting cold sobered him somewhat. Numb inside and out, chilled to the bone, he was no longer a hero, he thought, just another Jew, a victim. It didn't matter that Jewish boys were losing their lives or earning the Purple Heart and other medals for heroism. In the end, all it took was one frail bitch to remind you of the facts of life. No matter what you did, you remained an outsider, a Jew. What good was fighting the damn war against the Nazis when you lost it at home? Only a few weeks earlier, a tough old bottle-blond floozie in a bar had stridently confided, "The Jews ain't nuthin' but black men masquerading as white!"

Crazy remarks like that he kept hearing everywhere, from the very people who were supposed to be fighting fascism in Europe for democracy at home. Shit, the whole thing was a disgusting hypocritical lie—the war, the so-called democratic beliefs, the whole bag of pus—a thin disguise for a way of life that degraded and exploited everyone.

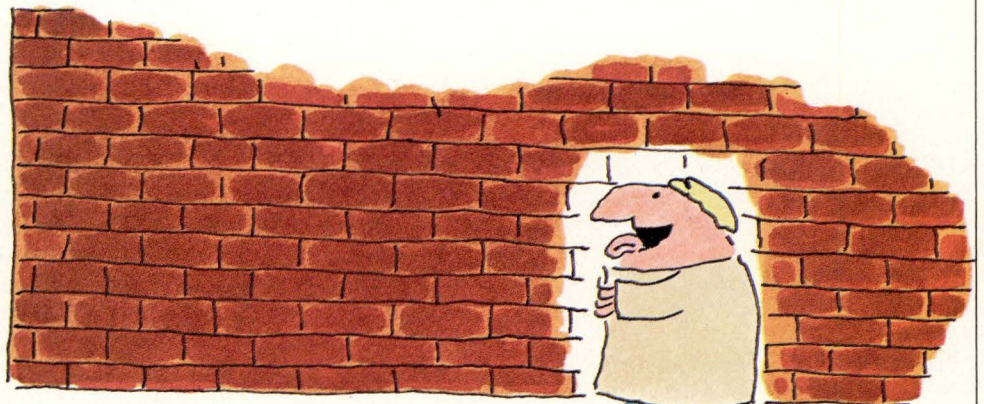
He kicked open the door and entered a tiny, freezing room no bigger than a walk-in closet, with a small fireplace, a cot and a table. He had intended to spend the night as usual in her cheerful, cozy apartment. Now, like a penniless bum, he had to return to his room in the

asshole of the Village, around the corner from the slaughterhouses, where the stench of dried blood and animal fear soured the air. *I'm shipping out tomorrow and I hope I get killed. But before I die I'm gonna rub out a few racist sonsabitches! That fuckin' boozier on Eighth is just the beginning! I'll show 'em all!*

His hurt churning in him like acid, in a stupor of impotent rage, alcohol and exhaustion, he collapsed heavily onto the cot and passed out. . . .

* * *
A small crowd had gathered around the workout area. Several young Mr. Americas nonchalantly struck poses, flexing their muscles and showing off. They bench-pressed 300 pounds and performed full squats with 250 pounds of metal plates bending the barbells on their shoulders. Others curled 100-pound dumbbells, with veins and blood bursting their biceps and pectorals into a swollen pump. Rick attracted quite an audience himself. The Sunday gapers watched and gasped. "Outa sight!" "Wow!" "Too much!" But some sneered derisively, "Shit, it's all show. Them guys ain't strong! They oughta wear two-piece bathing suits!"

Rick's rippling muscles glistened with sweat as he languidly went through his routine, not trying to impress anyone. He liked working out in the sun so that he could run along the beach and plunge into the waves to cool off. He had not seen Marlene since they had met, two days ago. His thoughts kept straying to her as he watched the hippie girls, wishing that she might materialize out of the crowd. His workout was almost over. Unlike the vain muscleheads around him, he grew tired



J. Kohl

"Sick motherfucker!"

of making a spectacle of himself and wanted more than anything to go home. But he couldn't face it. Not another lonely afternoon and evening before the TV, vicariously watching life acted out for him by unreal characters in the living-room box. He felt empty.

Then, suddenly, there she was, smiling. His heart raced as he grinned and padded barefoot to where she stood at the railing.

"Marlene," he said. "Good to see you again."

He put out his hand and she grasped it, holding it in a lingering clasp.

"I almost didn't recognize you at first," she said. "In the nude. I mean, in your trunks."

They laughed at her remark—was it a Freudian slip?—and he realized that she must have hung around for some time watching him. He felt a rush of pleasure.

She wore a bikini, and her long, slender body glowed with a rosy peach hue, while her golden hair fell flat and silky down her back and shoulders. His first impression of her in blue denims was completely erased by this glamorous beach girl exhibiting more than a touch of elegance. Out of the corner of his eye, he could see the other musclemen enviously commenting on Rick's good luck. But, above all, Marlene had the face and body of Frankie. Was she a reincarnation of the dead girl? He longed to have her again, to fondle and caress her. Fate had given him another chance and he dared not blow it, for this would surely be the last. Time was running out. In 25 years he had never met anyone so identical to his first lover.

The tall guitarist, she told him, was her boyfriend, but she accepted Rick's invitation to dinner that evening. Best of all, she told him that she had only known Darryl a few weeks. They had met in Detroit and hitched together to New York, which she visited for the first time. Then they hitched back to the West Coast. Her parents lived in L.A., but she couldn't stand her father, a German engineer and strict disciplinarian who had beat her brutally when she was small. She hated him; he was a Nazi, she said. Darryl seemed pretty serious, but she felt he was just a nice boy. This was music to Rick's ears. His hopes and expectations spiraled dizzily upward as she confided in him with a naive frankness.

That night, after a Mexican dinner on Pico Boulevard, he drove back with her to his apartment. The dinner was a success. They had sat side by side in a booth, close together, and Rick told her about Frankie and the amazing coincidence of their resemblance. Marlene responded warmly as the red wine went to her head.

High on wine and Marlene, he no sooner had closed the apartment door behind him than he gripped her, almost roughly, and passionately thrust his tongue between her lips. She offered no resistance, yielding limply in his arms. He drew her toward the bedroom and began removing her denim shirt, revealing in the soft light of the lamp, which he always kept lit in his bedroom (he couldn't stand the dark, which made him lonely and anxious), a perfect pair of tits. He stroked and kissed them, flicking his tongue lightly and rapidly

His cock strained against his tight pants as she undid his fly.

over the nipples. She breathed faster and stroked his arms under his see-through shirt. Involuntarily, he flexed his biceps as she felt them and she caught her breath. Her eyes went strangely dreamy with that peculiar sorrowful look he had noticed when they first met. She started pawing at his shirt buttons, trying to unfasten them. He assisted her and threw off his shirt. With greedy eyes she devoured the powerful torso with its deep tan, sliding her fingers over his shoulders and arms, savoring the firmness, the huge swollen pectorals that bulged like female breasts, although rock hard. Then, through the dense body hair, she ran her tongue down his ridged abdominal muscles, which tightened as her tongue aroused in him a tingling, almost unbearable excitement. His cock strained against his tight pants as she undid his fly buttons and struggled with the belt buckle, finally opening it and easing his pants and shorts down below the knees. His cock sprang out of his shorts like a jack-in-the-box. She stared hypnotically, holding it, stroking his balls and breathing hard. Her eyes began to glaze. But she did not go down on him.

Afraid to make a wrong move, Rick remained waiting with a pounding heart and pulsing prick, unsure of what she wanted. Then, after a long pause, in a strange, wavering little-girl voice she said, "Make me suck it, daddy! Force me! I'm your slave!"

She sank to her knees, flinging her arms around his legs and nestling her face against his balls. Her tongue flicked under his balls and then she slid the tip

of it along the area between balls and asshole, her head between his legs. Rick forced himself to pull away because he wanted her bare-assed. He leaned down and removed her patched jeans, sliding his finger along her clit, which was hard and erect. "Now, baby, now!" was all he could say. Naked, she began crawling on all fours around him and gazing up worshipfully.

"You are my god," she whispered hoarsely. "I obey your commands. Beat me, humiliate me. Spank my ass. I am your faithful slave."

He could hardly believe his ears and eyes. He had not expected her to be kinky, but his intense excitement drew him into the S&M game.

"Take my cock in your mouth!" he ordered. She did as he commanded.

"Now suck, you cocksucker bitch! Eat my dick! Swallow every drop of cum!"

Hungrily, she began to gobble his meat with loud slurping sounds.

"STOP!"

She obeyed, squatting before him. Wet juices ran from her cunt down her creamy thighs. He bent over and tilted her ass, giving her a resounding slap on the right buttock. She gasped. He smacked her hard on the left and she gasped again. Her ass reddened and he repeated several times the resounding blows. Then he grabbed her tits and squeezed, twisting them until she groaned with pain.

"Now I'm gonna fuck you in the mouth," he said sternly. "I'm gonna whip your ass and fuck your pretty red mouth and shoot my load down your throat!"

He started pumping into her throat. She didn't even gag. She deep-throated his immense cock with ease, running her hands frantically over his straining buttock muscles, his strong thighs and calves, until he could hold back no longer. He grabbed her head and shoved his big meat hard as he could, coming bucketsful and groaning loudly. She gulped down every drop of cum, masturbating furiously while still holding his cock in her mouth, sperm dribbling down her chin in thick globs. When she climaxed, she thrust her tender nipples against his knees, grunting and whimpering, almost chewing his cock off. . . .

A hammer was banging in his head. He sprang up in alarm. The sound came from the door. Half-dazed, he opened it. Outside, Frankie hovered uncertainly.

"I'm sorry if I woke you, Rick," she said. "May I come in?"

"My God," Rick grumbled. "My head's splitting."

She nervously touched a bluish bruise
(continued on page 107)

BEAVER HUNT

The August assembly of beavers should serve as a good example for women who are concerned about always looking their best. Ladies, in hot weather you'll sweat, and when that happens those unsightly perspiration stains will appear on your clothes. To avoid looking bad, go naked whenever you can. Men, when they do that, take their picture and ship it here.

Send us a sharply focused, HUSTLER-style photo—no black and white, please—of your favorite model in the nude, along with a short personality profile. Coax her to be as candid as possible, and be sure to fill out the model release form, which appears on page 109.

Send it to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215. All photos become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER magazine.

If we publish your girl's photo, you'll receive a \$50 contributor's fee, and everyone who sends us photos will receive the coveted HUSTLER Beaver Hunter's license. If she's chosen as best amateur beaver by a panel of HUSTLER staffers, your lady may be offered a chance to appear in one of HUSTLER's pictorial spreads. If we decide to feature her, she'll receive \$1000-\$1500 as a paid professional model. So help your old lady work up a sweat. It could pay off in more ways than one.

Photo by William Johnson



Mary Jo is a 29-year-old housewife from Fort Bragg, California. A swimming and horseback-riding enthusiast, she has always fantasized about appearing in HUSTLER. Well, here she is.

Photo by G. Albert Selig



Deborah Bishop, 19, is a dancer from right here in HUSTLER's backyard, Columbus, Ohio. She says her hobby is: "Sex." And she says that her fantasy is to "get raped on a beach by four good-looking guys."

Photo by Dwight Ignoto



Rosemary King, of Moorestown, New Jersey, describes herself as a 25-year-old former professional dancer and fashion model. A bookworm, she sometimes puts her reading aside to dream of roaring off to orgasm on an outlaw's chopper.

A model and waitress as well as a mother, Lynn Brady, 32, of Franklin, Ohio, says her hobby is cars. Her favorite fantasy, however, revolves around guys with 12-inchers.



Photo by Ken Kaczorowski



Photo by G. K. Y.

Sheila Herrick, 22, an entertainer from Berkley, Michigan, spends her leisure time horseback riding, roller skating and skinny dipping. Her fantasy? "Watching cum raining from my pussy!"

Photo by Michael McKinney



Debbie McKinney, 19, a housewife from Charleston, West Virginia, loves tennis and orgies. She dreams of making a porn movie, so her husband can watch her get it on with a roomful of guys and girls.

Twenty-five-year-old Lisa Stone manages a diner in Mansfield, Connecticut. A swimming buff, Lisa tells us her fantasy is "making it with a doorknob." We hope the opportunity arises and, in her case, knocks twice.



Photo by Barron Rohrbach



Photo by Howard Schwartz

Twenty-five-year-old Philadelphia student Trudy Craig likes go-go dancing and collecting animals. She writes that she'd like to add "one very important moving part" to the 40-foot-tall King Kong monster. "I'm definitely in love with Kong," Trudy says.



Photo by Ron Randolph



Nineteen-year-old Caryl Gilmore, a secretary and model from Klamath Falls, Oregon, sings, plays guitar and makes sexy costumes, which she wears to turn men on. Sometimes she daydreams of making it on her desk at work with two or three guys.

A professional dancer, 23-year-old Jannett Russell of Philadelphia is into modeling, bike riding and clothes. "I love my man to beat me, eat me and tease me to the max!" she writes.

Photo by Bob Banic



Photo by Trudy Parrish

Two-year-old Chopper, a fine lookin' bitch, and her old man, 9-month-old Brutus, share a fantasy of testifying at an obscenity trial. "What'll they do? Charge us with sodomy?" growls Chopper ominously. This swinging, bisexual couple lives in Warren, Ohio.



Photo by Charles Liebig



Suzy Liebig, 26, is a go-go dancer and housewife from Spring Valley, California. She keeps busy trying to fulfill her husband's fantasies and wants to make love in a room full of balloons.

Sidney R. De Mello, a 29-year-old Sao Paulo, Brazil, housewife, loves camping and riding horses. And speaking of horses, she says her "supermacho" husband has a 30-inch-long prick. W-o-a-h!



Photo by Eugene R. De Mello



Photo by Robert Arno

Barbara Costello, a 26-year-old housewife from Orange, California, loves to swim and afterwards sunbathe nude. Her fantasy is to make it with several men in a forest.



KINKY KORNER

The following Kinky Korner was submitted in response to our May 1977 issue on prisons. The author, a prisoner, wanted to share his experiences with HUSTLER's readers, especially those behind bars.

I'm in the joint. This brief introduction is meant to explain the content of this article to those who think the experiences I'm writing about are adolescent fumbblings or kinky fantasies being played out on paper. Sex is serious business to those of us who aren't allowed to indulge in it. The pursuit of a moment's titillation or, better yet, a hurried but gratifying climax is generally the result of careful scheming and strategic positioning.

I got this idea watching others. When I first came to prison, my mother was the only person who visited me, and if we were lucky enough to be in the visiting room when only a few other people were visiting, it was a good bet there might be some action.

The visiting room here has long rows of seats facing each other, and at one end of the room a guard sits watching over the area. Much of the time, however, he props his feet up against the bars that serve as a door while he talks to another guard hidden from view at a post around the corner. As long as the guard remains seated, the visiting room is virtually unsupervised.

One day, my mother had been visiting me for about a half hour. The guard got up and admitted another visitor—a young woman. To me, the girl looked like a California beach queen: long blonde hair, richly tanned skin, long, smooth legs and the tightest little ass I'd ever seen. No need to describe the ideas that were gnawing at my brain as she waited for her man to come through the gate at the other end of the

Do you have an unusual story to tell concerning a sexual encounter? If so, write it down and send it to HUSTLER's Kinky Korner, the section of the magazine that is written by the readers for the readers. We pay \$100 for each story that we publish. Your submission should be approximately nine typed or printed pages in length and accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope.



JOINT RELEASE

by Joey McCormick

visiting room. The guard shook the man down as we all watched, and the couple picked a seat at the far end of the room opposite the guard's post. Since we must sit across from our visitors, I could see my fellow prisoner and his guest, but my mother couldn't. The girl, on the other hand, was facing me, and I gazed at her, letting my fantasies dance inside my head. Mother rambled on, and I nodded at all the appropriate times, adding a few mumbled words to keep her gabbling.

There's no way I could have hoped for what happened next. The guy had his back to me, so he probably wasn't aware that I was watching, but the girl kept glancing at me with a wicked smile as her man inched his hand up her long, tanned leg.

He pushed her miniskirt up high enough so I could see her panties under her stretched pantyhose, and then the con leaned forward to rub his nose against her thighs. I didn't like that, since his forward movement blocked my view. Suddenly he leaned back and flipped her skirt back into place. The girl had apparently tapped him on the shoulder to let him know the guard was getting up. Within a minute, they were at it again.

The guy leaned forward and whispered something in the chick's ear. She sat still for a moment, then reached under her skirt and, taking her pantyhose by the waistband, slid them quickly down her hips and off. In a second they were stashed away in the coat she carried with her. Then the combination of pleasure and agony really started. The guy rubbed the chick's pussy through her panties for a moment, then reached under her mini and tugged them down. He couldn't get them down very far because

she was sitting on them, but he did manage to get his nose, and maybe his mouth, into her pubic hair. She tapped him again and he flipped her skirt back into place until the guard sat down again. They had a pretty sophisticated system going for them.

The next round was, predictably, better yet. First, the guy pushed her skirt back up around her waist and rubbed her legs as I gazed at the contrast of the white panties separating those tanned limbs. Then she glanced up at me again. I thought for a second she might stop, not wanting an audience, but instead she flashed that almost sinister smile I'd seen earlier. Slowly—almost too slowly—she reached for the waistband of her panties and pulled them down between her legs to show the guy, and me, the sweetest little golden-brown bush I'd ever seen. The guy was no fool, and he did just what I would have done under the circumstances. He reached for her panties and tugged them down farther, and this time she pushed her ass up a little and they came off. He slid them down her legs and in a second they joined the pantyhose.

I was sitting cross-legged trying to hide my hard-on from my mother. It was painful as hell. From then on I didn't see much of the girl's pussy because the guy had his head in the way. When it was time for mom to go, I had to work my dick around so it stood up straight in hopes my belt would hold it against me. Carefully giving mom her hug, I made it back to my cell to beat my aching meat.

I had tried to convince myself that I didn't want anyone to visit me while I was in the joint, but that didn't last long after seeing that visiting-room scene. I started writing letters. The chick I finally got to visit me was Jill, a dear friend from my "free world" days.

After a few visits, we got the routine settled. Then we got lucky enough to meet on an evening when few people were in the visiting room—and in a half hour most of them had left. We were at one end of the room and a couple of other people were at the opposite end. The guard, as usual, was preoccupied with his conversation.

Jill wore a minidress and those sexy, high boots that are nice if a chick doesn't want to wear pantyhose. She had to wear panties in case the matron decided to pat her down for "security," as sometimes happened.

I can't describe the way my heart was pounding except to say it was actually *painful*. It had been almost a year and a half since I'd been this close to real, live, pulsating pussy.

I put my hand on her knee and traced a path up her leg to the elastic of her panties. She couldn't have understood

what I felt, since she just sat there casually taking every caress. I slowly worked my fingers inside the elastic leg band and savored the feel of that forbidden flesh. It was warm and smooth, and my fingers finally touched the first few tendrils of pussy hairs. The pain in my chest was nearly doubling me over, but I was determined to suffer every delicious wave of it. I was, that is, until I touched the lips of Jill's inviting pussy. Every bit of pain vanished. She may have been sitting there quietly accepting every touch, but she was plenty wet outside that

I sat cross-legged, trying to hide my hard-on from my mother.

long-unknown, but never-forgotten, fruit. Then the panties had to come off.

I hate to break the rhythm of this sweet moment, but then it might give you an idea of how I felt when I saw the guard turn around. I straightened up quickly and tried to look innocent as he opened the gate and let someone through. Then I watched him take his seat again.

I wasted no time. I slid my hands under the hem of her dress and grabbed the elastic waistband of her panties and pulled. She raised up to help me, and I ran my hands over the smoothness of her perfect ass as I slid those panties off her hips and down her legs. I still couldn't see her pussy since her dress was in the way, but after she stashed her panties, I flipped the hem of her dress up to her waist. There, finally, after a year and a half, was a real pussy. Again I wasted no time. Her juices were evident on the outer lips of that pink, pink paradise, and I slid a finger into the depths of her. Pulling it out, I stuck it immediately into my mouth and pushed a finger from my other hand into her. Then I took my hands and, using the forefingers of each, spread the outer folds of Jill's pussy until I could see as far inside as possible. Finally I just started playing with her in every way I could think of, stopping periodically when the guard got up to do something. One thing I learned to like was to put my thumb inside her pussy and the rest of my hand under her so I could rest my middle finger between the cheeks of her ass. I could feel all her contractions, and when she leaned for-

ward, I could scratch her asshole tenderly with my middle finger. Jill found that she liked rubbing against the top of my hand in this position.

Good visits only come once in a while, since there are so many variables (a lazy guard, few visitors, etc.). But on a later visit, after foreplay that brought her to orgasm, Jill consented to try giving me a blow job. She'd always given beautiful head, and I had been trying to talk her into it for a long time. The very grim fact was that we could face felony charges if we got caught.

I had Jill sit with her back to the guard (who was still at the other end of the room) so I could sit and watch him. Jill carefully unzipped my pants and pulled my dick out, as I gently rubbed her baseball-sized breasts (she wore no bra under her blouse). The touch of her hands around my aching shaft almost made me finish the "job" before the "blow." But I held it in check as I guided her head toward my cock.

I felt her warm, moist breath as she drew closer to my swollen, throbbing knob, and the wonderful pain in my heart grew worse. She was not to be rushed. She began to flick her hot, wet tongue teasingly around the top of my dick, until my head was spinning and I wondered if I could hold out much longer as the sensations ran up and down my spine.

Just as I had calmed myself enough to enjoy her hot licks, she suddenly pushed my rod halfway into her warm, wet mouth and began licking and sucking and gently biting me until I could stand it no longer. As she gently caressed my balls with one hand and stroked the base of my shaft with the other, the sperm shot into Jill's mouth in three powerful streams. My long-dormant sexual muscles convulsed painfully as Jill tried to keep my sperm from spilling onto my slacks. She tried valiantly, but a couple of drops still managed to splash onto the floor.

I had forgotten about the guard, but fortunately he was still in his seat, unaware of the scene going on behind him. We cleaned up, stuffed my dick back into my pants, and tried to look natural for the rest of the visit.

Needless to say, I have only described the best of my many experiences in prison visiting rooms. But my story is nothing unusual, nor is it even the most brazen of stories. I have seen men actually fucking their wives and girlfriends in visiting rooms or even in outdoor visiting yards.

Cons are caught once in a while, and are usually severely punished, but the game goes on and on. And it will continue so long as we have to be here. We'll be getting it any way we can. 🍆

Goodbye

(continued from page 98)

on her cheek.

"Rick, I'm terribly sorry about last night. I want to explain."

He stared at her coldly.

"I don't think there's much to explain," he said.

"Oh, but there is! Rick, I love you. You've got to listen!"

Sullenly, he groped for his pack of Luckies, lit one and inhaled deeply, whistling out loud. He looked away, saying nothing.

"Rick, we've quoted poetry to each other hundreds of times. We've even quoted those goddamn stinkin' lines from Eliot. It's like a tune, it gets stuck in your head. It doesn't mean—oh, for God's sake, you've gotta believe me!"

Hell, it was true enough. A good poet or writer or musician writes something that will get into your brain, into your blood, and stay there. You may not agree with the sentiment or message, but there it is, spinning round and round in your head, a stuck record. Especially when you're tired or drunk. He could see that now. But still he remained silent, wanting to hear more, to be sure, to let her say what she had to say. It was her move, not his. Besides, his mind was made up. Nothing would change it.

She looked into his hazel eyes and saw two pinpoints of cold light. She shuddered.

"I know how you feel, I really do," she almost whined, plaintively. "You're proud—as you should be. But in your heart you know I didn't feel the way you thought I did. You know I was drunk. Rick? For chrissakes."

She was crying. He saw that she meant every word. He resisted an urge to take her in his arms as she sobbed softly. He lit another smoke and, after exhaling, announced stonily, "I'm enlisting in the merchant marine today. I'll be shipping out this week."

After returning from his first voyage he learned that Frankie had been killed in a car crash. Now he would never see her again, speak to her again. He felt frozen, half-alive, empty. He blamed himself. He had let her go because of his pride and believed that he had caused her death. Now life seemed pointless. If he could only touch her, smell her. If only he had just one more chance.

Rick stared at the naked girl as she slavishly caressed his feet. God, she was

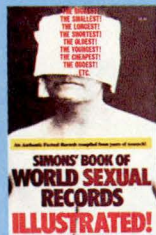
(continued on page 115)

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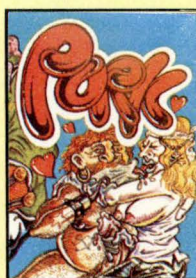
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So some men might still believe that it's not the size of the sword but the swordsman. Well, we won't argue that point, but wouldn't you rather go into battle with a lance than a dagger?

**Save \$3.70 when
purchasing both book and
Vacuum Enlarger.**

ADVISE & CONSENT

(continued from page 14)

I have a friend who is getting a divorce, and she feels that no "decent" man will ever marry her now, because she is not a virgin. She lived in Japan for a while when her husband was in the service, and she told me that when she was there she heard about some kind of surgery they could do to make her a virgin again. She's thinking about going over there for it. I've never heard of it. Is this really possible?

P. F.
Bangor, Maine

There is an operation that is very popular in Japan, in which a fake hymen (made of sheep gut) is put in place so that real blood flows when you are "deflowered" again. Your friend might be better off, though, if she works at bringing her attitudes about "decent" men and virginity up to date. Although the fake hymen might do the job on the wedding night, most states strictly enforce the requirement that you present any previous divorce decrees before they will issue a marriage license.

You may find this hard to believe, but I'm only eight years older than my oldest daughter. You see, when I was seven I looked 14 and got married to a young man who was 17. A year later, I gave birth to my daughter. Since then, I have had four other girls. What do you think of that?

F. G.
New York, New York

Although fertility at such an early age is not common, it does happen. Most cases of extremely young girls' giving birth to children occur in more primitive societies, but the documented record is held by a girl in Chile who gave birth at the age of five. What do you think of that?

I was in the navy with a guy who told me stories about how he sometimes ate his girlfriend's shit. I don't believe anyone could do that. Does this practice really exist?

R. M.
Boise, Idaho

The unhealthy practice of eating shit—whether your own or someone else's—does indeed exist and is called "coprophagia." Aside from the obvious psychological problems associated with this practice, there are several physical hazards involved. The digestive system is an intricate sewage-treatment plant, and the feces you excrete are its "left-overs" or indigestible waste. Various areas of the digestive system contain bacteria which, in their own place, are healthy and necessary. By eating shit, though, you are taking these bacteria from the lower intestinal tract and introducing them into the upper digestive system, where they can cause illness and infection. You can even develop infections by handling shit—if you should

transfer these bacteria to an open wound or to mucous membranes, such as those in the eyes.

When my girlfriend and I fuck, it's always fantastic. After I get my nut, however, I usually dismount and lie next to her with my eyes closed. The problem is that my girlfriend still wants affection, but I don't feel affectionate again until I relax. It seems she gets mad because of this. Am I doing something wrong?

J. D.
Detroit, Michigan

Yes. You are not considering her feelings. It's fairly common for men to want to roll over and fall asleep after sex, but it's also common for women to desire a little affection afterward. Many women consider this to be the difference between being treated as a lover or as a whore. Try to show her some consideration, too, by making an effort to satisfy her as well as yourself. And if a hug and some small talk is all it takes to satisfy your girlfriend and assure her she is indeed "fantastic," then by all means oblige her.

Although my son is only 11 years old, I've already caught him masturbating? Is he now capable of getting a girl pregnant?

R. E.
Queens, New York

Not necessarily. Sperm production and the ability to ejaculate don't usually begin until 12 or 13, although the pleasures of masturbation (without ejaculation) are sometimes enjoyed from infancy on. Still, some children mature faster than others, and you would be wise to counsel your son on sexual responsibility if you have not done so already.

I have been going out with the same girl for the past four years, and our sex life has been good. Recently, we have been separated because of my job, and we've been together only twice in six months. During this time, I've had sex with three different women. But I get nervous, and come within two or three minutes. Can you tell me what the problem is?

F. W.
Indianapolis, Indiana

You said you get nervous, and that could be your problem. You may be feeling guilty about having sex with someone other than your girlfriend, or you may just be overcome with the thrill of a new sexual conquest. Strange stuff means new and unique circumstances, the excitement of discovery and the need to prove yourself on the first try. Most men ejaculate within two to five minutes of penetration, but if you are concerned with your performance, there are several ways to delay ejaculation. See July 1977 Advise & Consent.

I am 19, an ex-marine and married. I am not queer or effeminate, but I have what I

suppose is a fetish. I like wearing my wife's silk panties and always did so on the sly, until she found out. Much to my surprise, she did not freak out, but bought me some of my own. She likes me in them and even takes pictures of me wearing them. Of course, I'm glad my wife has accepted this, but I still have to wonder if I have a problem. What do you think?

P. C.
Baltimore, Maryland

As long as you and your wife are comfortable with your fetish, we see nothing wrong with it. However, you could have a problem if the two of you ever split up and she keeps the negatives.

Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send to us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 109). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunters Contest, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

HUSTLER BEAVER HUNTER MODEL RELEASE

Model's Name _____

Address _____

Age _____

Phone _____

Photographer _____

Occupation _____

Hobbies _____

Sexual Fantasies _____

Include separate sheet if necessary.

Send prize to: _____

☐ Model ☐ Other

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MINOR: The person photographed is a minor. My signature grants my permission for the minor to be photographed and the photographs may be used as stated above.

Model's Legal Signature _____

Parent or Legal Guardian _____



What can I do about a lover who prefers beating his meat to making love to me?

L. V.
Columbus, Ohio

Your need to consult a third party on this matter shows that you and your lover have a serious communication problem, and nothing will be resolved between you until this impasse is overcome. You may find out that he is bored with you, as is often the case with long-standing relationships. Possibly you are not as responsive as he wishes you to be, or you do not know what he likes (even if you've been together for years, his tastes may have changed). The best way to improve the situation is to discover what turns him on, and then work at it. Since most men fantasize during masturbation, you might try to find out what his fantasies are and then do your best to fulfill them. Adding a little spontaneity and adventure to your love life could give it a whole new vitality.

When I was a boy, I went to a Catholic school. As a deterrent to masturbation, I was told that every time I jerked off it was the same as killing 20,000 people, because of the number of sperm in each ejaculation. Are there really that many?

O. M.
Racine, Wisconsin

There are more. In fact, there are 200,000,000 to 500,000,000 sperm in every ejaculation. But the story you learned in school was not meant to be accurate; it was meant to make you feel guilty.

My husband and I have a disagreement about venereal disease. He says a woman doesn't have to engage in sex to get VD, but can get it by not keeping her pussy clean. I say the only way to get it is by fucking. Who's right?

R. E.
Toronto, Ontario

A woman cannot contract venereal disease simply by not keeping her pussy clean. She could, however, contract other diseases. An unclean vagina is a good breeding place for various bacteria which could cause vaginitis or other infections. (However, douching too often or with harsh chemicals can also cause vaginitis.) Although these are not as serious as VD, they are still very uncomfortable and could hinder sexual activity.

I have menstrual cramps with every period, but sometimes they're really bad and sometimes I hardly notice them. My boyfriend says it's all psychological. Do you think that's true?

L. H.
Greenwich, Connecticut

Because girls are taught from childhood that menstruation is a woman's "curse," many doctors and psychologists believe that the cramps may be intensified, and in some cases caused, by the woman's belief that menstruation is supposed to be painful. However, there are definite physical reasons why some women experience discomfort during menstruation. These include: an underdeveloped or tilted uterus, inadequate dilation or

blockage of the cervical opening, or a variety of disorders affecting the mucous membrane of the uterus.

My boyfriend has had the lower part of his leg amputated and he wants to fuck me with his stump. I don't mind doing it, it's just that the stump is about five or six inches in diameter and I'm worried that if I take it in, it will stretch my pussy muscles. Can this happen?

J. G.
Valinda, California

Inserting something that large into your pussy will definitely stretch the muscles. However, unless they lose their elasticity, muscles can return to their original size and shape. The danger lies in stretching the ligaments, which cannot contract and once stretched would need corrective surgery to regain their original tension. Since the stump you describe is as big as a baby's head, taking it in is likely to be both painful and damaging.

Recently, my girlfriend and I went to an X-rated movie, and I got so turned on I actually came in my pants. My girlfriend wasn't jerking me off or even touching me. I just shot my wad. I wasn't embarrassed about it, but I've never had a problem with premature ejaculation before. I'm wondering why it would just happen like that.

V. M.
Atlanta, Georgia

What you experienced was not premature ejaculation, but "spontaneous ejaculation." Premature ejaculation occurs with physical contact, while spontaneous ejaculation can be brought on by the mere sight of something erotic—such as an X-rated movie.

I'm on a diet and I give my husband a lot of blow jobs. Could you tell me if there are enough calories in a load of jizz to upset my diet?

L. G.
Cedar Hill, Missouri

Semen is very low in calories, but it does contain some sugar and cholesterol, among other things. If you're worried about the few extra calories, you can burn them off by engaging in some energetic fucking.

My fiancée has recently had part of an ovary removed and I was wondering how this will affect her chances of getting pregnant.

R. W.
Lynchburg, Virginia

The ovaries are the female sex glands in which the ova (eggs) are produced. There are two ovaries, and removal of one or part of one will not prevent your fiancée from getting pregnant, if the other ovary continues to function normally.

HONEY HOOKER

by
MIKE
TOOHEY &
FRED
FERNANDEZ

US
69

C'MON, YOU FAT CATS!
HOWZABOUT SPREADING
THE WEALTH A LITTLE?

LAST EPISODE, HONEY BLEW IT AS A
STAR SUCKER BY BITING TALK-SHOW
HOST JOHNNY CARTOON ON THE CRANK!
NOW, ON THE STREETS ONCE AGAIN, SHE
SETS HER SIGHTS ON THE FAT WALLETS
OF THE BEVERLY HILLS ELITE!

LOVELY LADY,
CAN I OFFER
YOU A RIDE?

BEFORE LONG, A
LIMOUSINE CARRYING
SHEIKH ONAN KAFFIR,
OIL BARON OF WOGLAND,
PULLS UP AT THE CURB!

I WAS ABOUT
TO ASK YOU THE
SAME THING!

TEN MILES LATER....

THAT'S IT,
SHEIKH BABY,
LICK MY OASIS!

LAPPALAPPALAPPA... UMMM,
MOST DELICIOUS... IN MY
COUNTRY... LAPPA... THE
WOMEN'S CUNTS TASTE
LIKE SWEATY CAMELS'
HUMPS... LAPPALAPPA.

SOON, THE CLUNT-
LAPPING CAMEL
JOCKEY FINISHES
HIS MEAL AND
SIGNALS HIS
PLEASURE WITH
A HEARTY, PHLEGM-
SPLATTERING
BELCH!

IS THAT A
COMPLIMENT?

BURP

YOU'RE ONE
POTENT
POTENTATE!

IN MY COUNTRY, THEY
CALL ME "LAWRENCE
OF THE LABIA!"

BEFORE THEY'VE GONE
ANOTHER MILE, THE SHEIKH
IS DIPPING HIS ARABIAN
HORSECOCK INTO HONEY'S
HORNY "GOATBLOSSOM."



SUDDENLY, A MYSTERIOUS CAR NOSES ITS WAY IN FRONT OF THE SHEIKH'S LIMO AND FORCES IT OFF THE ROAD!

EXCUSE ME, O MIGHTY SHEIKH, BUT WE ARE ABOUT TO--HOW YOU SAY?-- BITE THE CAMEL DROPPINGS!

HOLY MOSES! AS ARMED MEMBERS OF THE FANATICAL JEWISH DEFENSE LEAGUE STORM THE LIMOUSINE, HONEY REALIZES NO MANNA OF PROTECTION CAN SAVE HER!

STAND BACK OR I'LL SET FIRE TO THIS \$100 BILL!

NOW THAT'S SACRILEGE!

TORAH! TORAH! TORAH!

GET THE ARAB!

GET THE GIRL!

GET THE CHANGE IN THE CRACKS OF THE SEATS!

HONEY AND THE SHEIKH ARE TAKEN FOR A RIDE...



DESPITE THE DESPERATE APPEAL TO THEIR SENSE OF GELT, THE JDL TAKES HONEY AND THE SHEIKH CAPTIVE!

HOW NICE, PLASTIC SEATCOVERS!

IT'S MY MOM'S CAR!

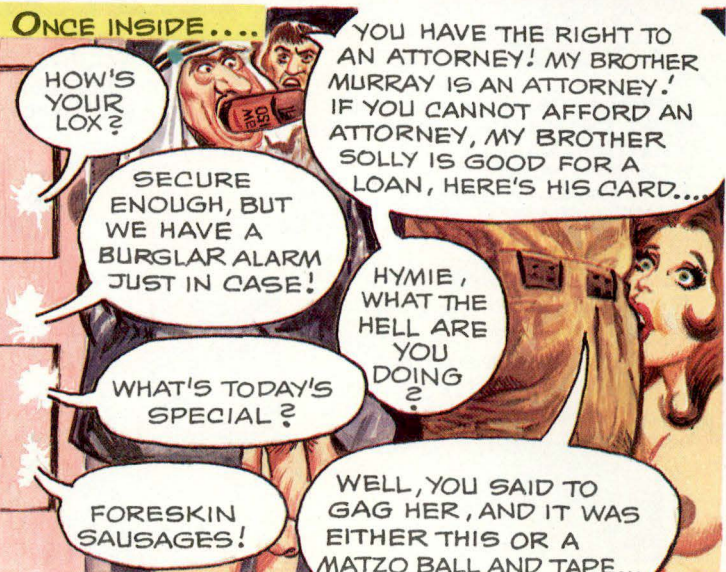


THIS LAAAND IS MIIINE! GOD GAVE THIS LAND TO MEEEEEE....



...TO THE REAR ENTRANCE OF AN ENCINO DELICATESSEN, THE JDL HIDEOUT!

OK, EVERYBODY INSIDE! HYMIE, GAG OUR TWO FRIENDS HERE! MY MOM'LL CASTRATE ME IF THEY SCREAM AND BOTHER THE CUSTOMERS!



ONCE INSIDE....

HOW'S YOUR LOX?

SECURE ENOUGH, BUT WE HAVE A BURGLAR ALARM JUST IN CASE!

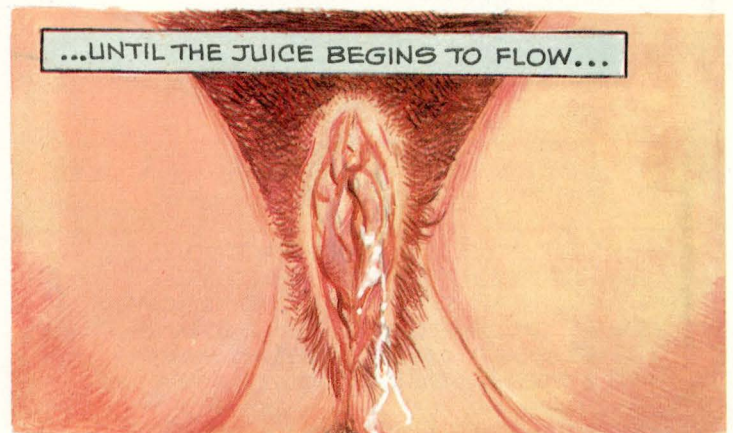
WHAT'S TODAY'S SPECIAL?

FORESKIN SAUSAGES!

YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO AN ATTORNEY! MY BROTHER MURRAY IS AN ATTORNEY! IF YOU CANNOT AFFORD AN ATTORNEY, MY BROTHER SOLLY IS GOOD FOR A LOAN, HERE'S HIS CARD...

HYMIE, WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?

WELL, YOU SAID TO GAG HER, AND IT WAS EITHER THIS OR A MATZO BALL AND TAPE....



SUDDENLY, ANNE FRANK, OWNER OF ANNE'S FRANKS AND THE LEADER'S LOVING MOTHER, BURSTS INTO THE ROOM!

UH, NOTHING, MOMMA! I WAS JUST PRACTICING FOR WHEN I BECOME A GYNECOLOGIST!

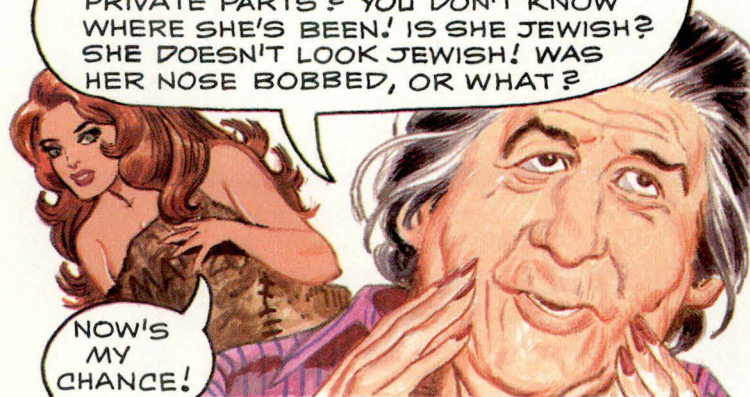
YOU CALLED ME, TOTTELA? OY VEY! WHAT ON EARTH IS GOING ON?



HONEY TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE CONFUSION TO SLIP OUT THE DOOR....

GYNECOLOGIST SCHYMENOCOLOGIST! HOW CAN YOU STUDY THAT GIRL'S PRIVATE PARTS? YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE SHE'S BEEN! IS SHE JEWISH? SHE DOESN'T LOOK JEWISH! WAS HER NOSE BOBBED, OR WHAT?

NOW'S MY CHANCE!



ONCE SHE REACHES THE SAFETY OF THE MAIN BOULEVARD, HONEY STICKS OUT HER THUMB FOR A RIDE!

GOING MY WAY, ANYONE?

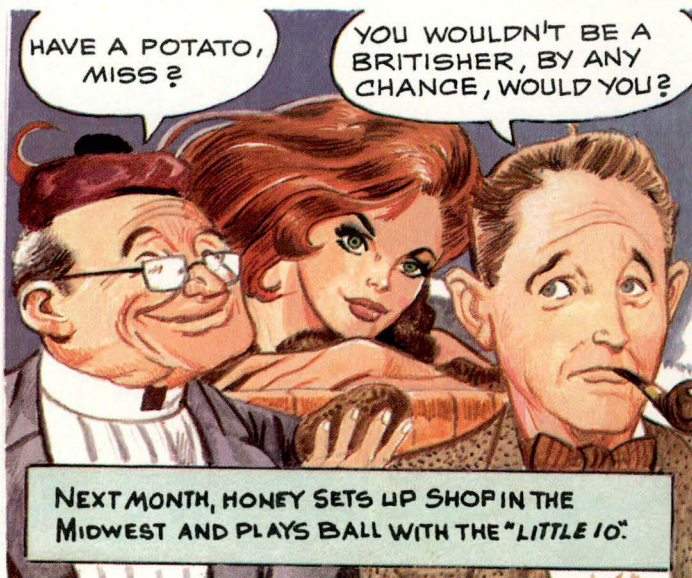


SAINTS PRESERVE US! SURE AN' IT WOULD BE A FOIN THING TO GIVE A COLLEEN LIKE YOURSELF A LIFT!



HAVE A POTATO, MISS?

YOU WOULDN'T BE A BRITISHER, BY ANY CHANCE, WOULD YOU?



NEXT MONTH, HONEY SETS UP SHOP IN THE MIDWEST AND PLAYS BALL WITH THE "LITTLE 10."

Goodbye

(continued from page 107)

licking his toes, inserting her tongue between the cracks, reaming them out! What a strange sensation! Like being raped by a dog. It made him feel freakish, vulnerable... much too bizarre. She looked up at him with large pleading eyes, a soulful expression in them. *Spaniel*. A feeling of contempt went through him. She started working his big toe into her mouth, sucking it, tonguing it. Then two more toes. His cock stiffened involuntarily. He licked his dry lips and stared at her with a mixture of desire and disgust. The sight of her groveling at his feet maddened him. It brought out a streak of violence long suppressed in that dull, lonely existence. He had an urge to knock her around a little, mess her up. *Am I losing my mind?*

He towered over her, huge and menacing.

"Is this what you want, you bitch?" he heard himself shout. His voice, unreasonably loud, seemed to come from far, far away, hollow and cavernous.

She cowered slightly, grasping his

foot between her hands uncertainly, gazing up at him.

Oh God, things could have been so beautiful. What a mess! He really wanted her. Yet she had awakened something that made him despise her, hate her. She had betrayed the image of Frankie—an ideal image, the defects worn smooth with time.

He pulled his foot away and kicked her in the face. She sprawled on the floor, spread-eagled.

"You're nothing but a hunk of shit!" he yelled. "Garbage!"

He was losing control. His eyes had gone wild and crazy.

Bewildered, the girl cringed. She looked uneasy, suddenly unsure of him, afraid of what he might do.

"Just a hunk of shit! How's that for humiliation?" he shouted. "How's that for kicks?"

He was beside himself with rage. His cock had never been so hard. He bent down toward her, his face contorted and ugly, his voice harsh.

"Ya know what I oughta do to you?" he rasped threateningly. "I oughta kill you! That's what I oughta do!"

He struck her in the mouth. The skin broke. Blood ran from the wound.

"Nazi swine!" he hissed. "Filthy scum! Beg for mercy!"

She threw herself at his feet, looking

up with drowning eyes.

"Please," she begged, her voice quivering. "Please don't hurt me, Rick. I haven't done anything to hurt you."

The urgent pathos in her voice electrified him. His mind snapped back to reality as if from a bad dream.

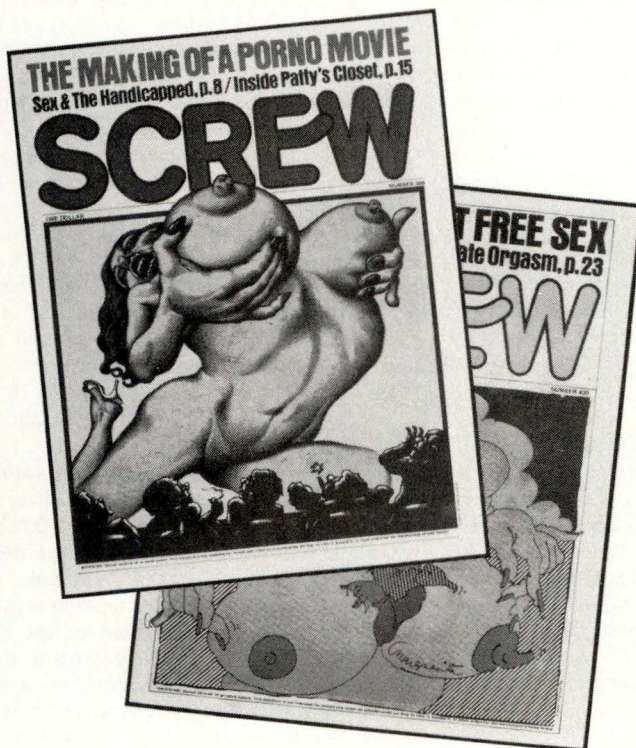
Did he really want to kill her? The thought was absurd. He hardly knew her. Shocked at himself, he stared down at this cringing, bleeding figure at his feet, and he felt only pity mingled with contempt. This was a degenerate travesty of the love he once knew, he told himself with a panicky rush of guilt and shame. No, she wasn't worth it, not worth the risk of getting involved with in this way. He refused to feel any desire for her—he would not lower himself, he thought, defensively, to such a level of unhealthiness.

Remembering Frankie, he slumped his shoulders and wondered what had gotten into him anyway, for God's sake. He grew suddenly tired, older.

"Get dressed," he ordered the girl, walking toward the heap of clothes on the floor. The violence had drained out of him, leaving only a big, aching void, a familiar emptiness that engulfed him like a monstrous jelly, a hollowness he had learned to live with.

"Get dressed," he repeated without looking at her. "Then get lost." 🐾

OUR ONLY TABOO IS GOOD TASTE



We all know what 'good taste' means: guilt, hypocrisy, suppression, fear, neurosis, deceit, people with clothes on... and the missionary position when all the lights are out. You see it every day, everywhere you look and in everything you read—and it's boring, boring, BORING!

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H-7A

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MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

This column will help to simplify ordering mail-order erotica. We will review any mail-order sex products, including those advertised in **HUSTLER**, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll actually receive when you order. Companies that would like to have products reviewed in this column are invited to send sample merchandise and information to: **Mail-Order Feedback (Product Review)**. We'll also tell customers how to deal with mail-order firms and alert our readers to frauds and faulty products.

By Joseph Coyne

FOREIGN AID

The first time I ever heard of a french tickler, I thought it was something to make a girl laugh. The first time I saw a french tickler, I thought it was something to make a girl scream. The first time I ever used a french tickler, I was product testing an assortment of them sent to us by *Diverse Industries, Inc.* (7651 Haskell Avenue, Van Nuys, California 91406).

Diverse offers a variety of 14 European-made ticklers. In addition to their somewhat menacing appearance, tickler titles such as Night Finger, Spanish Fly, Desperado and Hell Fire gave me the feeling I was going to ravage the young lady rather than have sex with her (probably one attraction in using them). They look like condoms with assorted points, ridges, bumps and knobs protruding from them, although they are not designed as cum receptacles. In fact, I was surprised to find that these french ticklers weren't thin and responsive like condoms. Although they're made of soft latex, they're much thicker than a regular condom, and the only thing I was able to feel through them was a numbing pain, as if someone had a stranglehold on my crank. Some were uncomfortably tight, and others I couldn't even get on.

For all the physical pleasure I derived from using them, I might as well have had a raincoat wrapped around my dick. But I'm not a selfish person. If I sometimes have to sacrifice in order to give my partner pleasure, then damnit, I'll do the gentlemanly thing.

The tickler with which I had the most success was the Fakir-Lust, distinguished by 12 latex spikes on the tip. When she first saw it, my young lady suggested that "we'd better forget the whole thing." I convinced her there was nothing to fear, knelt down behind her and slid the monkey in. I haven't the vaguest idea of what it's like to have a pussy, much less what it would be like to have a french tickler shoved into it, but from the way her ass started squirming, I knew she was feeling a hell of a lot more than I was.

You can order any one of the ticklers for \$2.50 each (plus \$1.50 per order for postage and handling), while larger orders qualify

for a reduced rate. The ticklers are reusable if washed in warm, soapy water and sprinkled with talcum.

If you use lubricants (which is a must for these ticklers), you might want to try Joy Jell, a fruit-flavored jelly, also from *Diverse Industries*. Joy Jell, packaged in attractive plastic containers, comes in a variety of flavors, including grape, pineapple, strawberry and orange. They do the job and smell good, but I wasn't crazy about eating flavored pussy. I prefer cunt to taste like codfish. Joy Jell sells for \$1.95 per jar (all four flavors for \$6.95). For a complete run-down of everything *Diverse Industries* has to offer, including soft-core movies, sex aids, novelties and books, you may obtain their catalog for \$1.



BEING CATTY

In several of your past issues, *Leisure Time Products* has advertised its Pet Cock. It is obvious to any fool that the bowl in the picture is filled with Meow Mix, a cat food! This proves beyond a doubt that what you are trying to pass off as a cock is, in reality, a pussy in drag! This is a gross case of misleading advertising, and before I turn this fraud over to the DA, I can be bought with a free subscription to your wonderfully tasteless rag.

F. S.
Boulder, Colorado

You're wrong about its being obvious to any fool; you're the only one who noticed. And the Meow Mix wasn't for the Pet Cock, it was for the pussy. We'd send you a free subscription, but we have no sympathy for people who write letters on paper bags.

POSITIVE FEEDBACK

Mail-Order Feedback is interested in hearing from readers who have had good experiences with mail-order firms, so that we can spotlight those companies for other readers. We'd especially like some word on mail-order firms we haven't dealt with in this column in order to broaden the information we can provide. Of course, we always like to know when the column has been helpful in straightening out a mail-order problem.

On October 25, 1976, and also on November 3, 1976, I sent two pieces of correspon-

dence to you regarding a number of mail-order companies with which I was having trouble. One was *Bradwell, Cosgood & Co.*, of New York. The complaint I had with this company was for nondelivery of films I had ordered. On December 15, 1976, I received a real surprise from *Preferred Mailing List, Inc.* on behalf of *Bradwell, Cosgood & Co.*—a check for \$20 (full refund) made payable to me. There was no explanation, but I'm positive it was a result of *Mail-Order Feedback*. I can only say thank you, and I will continue to purchase your magazine and products as long as I am interested in fucking.

W. F.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

To our knowledge, the only time Bradwell, Cosgood & Co. gives a refund is when they're prodded by us. Although this company is not yet on our Shifty Sellers list, they're working mighty hard to make it.

After reading your review (September 1976 issue) of *Zodiac Enterprises'* film *Getting Off*, I decided to take a chance and place an order for the film. The results were more than I expected. The film arrived within five days and its quality and content were just as you described. I am extremely pleased with the company's prompt service and discretion. Thank you, *Mail-Order Feedback*.

C. W.
Little Rock, Arkansas

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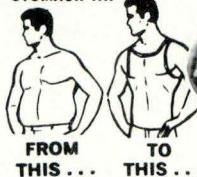
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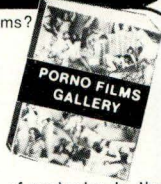
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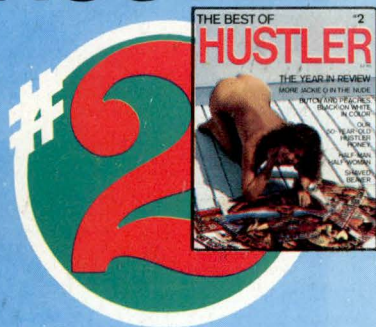
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HUSTLER'S BIASED GUIDE TO CHEAP WINES—For this consumers guide, we asked Skid Row denizens for the last slurred word on their favorite brands and uncorked a gallon of surprising opinions. By Tim Conaway

RODEO: LOOKING FOR THE LAST OF THE COWBOYS—Have these once free-roaming individuals been herded into a pattern of following rodeo circuits? HUSTLER talks to a vanishing breed. By Bruce Margolius



HUSTLER PROFILE: LARRY LISCIOTTI—Becoming king on a green felt table takes ivory balls, a dead stroke and a 24-hour-a-day dream few are willing to pursue. HUSTLER profiles the man who racked up America's pool championship. By Jay Levin

SEX PLAY: GLORY BOUND—If you've been restraining your pent-up desire to try out some bedroom bondage, next month's *Sex Play* will show you the ropes to a captivating sexual experience. By Chris Cassel



JUANITA: SPIC-N-SPAN is one honey who'll have you polishing your knob, while **BETHANY: LAID BACK**, and our centerfold, **TINA: LOOKING FOR A FEW GOOD MEN**, will prime you for a dip into **WATER SPORTS**, our definitive guide to deep diving.

KINKY KORNER—The next best thing to being there is talking dirty over the phone while jacking off. One couple taps the ideal opportunity to discuss their fantasies. By Diane Newton

PLUS—The hodgepodge of wizardry and insanity in **BITS & PIECES**, **HUSTLER HUMOR**, **ADVISE & CONSENT**, **AMATEUR BEAVER HUNT**, **MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK** and **HONEY HOOKER**.

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